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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The History of the French Revolution. 12mo. pp. 498.
London: Burns.

A POPULAR narrative of the most remarkable events of an epoch so full of wonder, so abounding in all the materials of romance, and yet so pregnant with wisdom if rightly read, that the mind never wearies of returning to it, and finds fresh food for meditation in every new aspect under which it is presented by every author who has made it his theme. In one volume it was of course impossible to enter very fully into detail. But the writer of the work upon our table has seized upon the broad outlines of the history, and presented them in bold, vigorous, and richly-coloured groups, which realise themselves to the imagination, and make an impression upon the memory. To those who have not time or inclination to wade through the more elaborate histories of the revolution, this will be a welcome work, for it will give them such a knowledge of it as it is essential that everybody should possess. To those who have read ALISON, or MIGNET, or THIERS, this will serve the purpose of a bird's-eye view of the whole scene which they have been surveying step by step—a very necessary process to those who would distinctly comprehend the whole as well as the parts.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Views a Foot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff.
By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. With a Preface by N. P. WILLIS. In 2 parts, 8vo, pp. 393. London, 1847.
Wiley and Putnam.

THE history of this work is more curious than the work itself. Mr. TAYLOR was a printer's apprentice somewhere in the United States. While pursuing this occupation, he amused himself with writing poetry, which appeared in the newspapers and magazines, and attracted the attention of Mr. N. P. WILLIS, who made acquaintance with the author, and thenceforth continued his firm friend. It was with Mr. WILLIS's concurrence, that the youth resolved upon a tour through Europe; and the volumes before us contain his narrative of the enterprise, the novelty and interest of which consist chiefly in the peculiar circumstances under which it was undertaken and successfully accomplished. TAYLOR was poor—almost penniless;—yet, with a bravery and

perseverance that must command respect, he threw himself into a strange world, and for two years traversed the most interesting countries in Europe, gathering knowledge of men and manners and seeing whatever was most worthy to be seen, returning to his native land with invigorated mind; and all this accomplished at the cost of only five hundred dollars, and that sum earned upon the road. This is, indeed, as Mr. WILLIS well terms it, "a fine instance of character and energy;" and the records of the difficulties conquered and struggles endured, cannot but be interesting to read, and instructive as an example in a state of society like ours, when self-reliance and self-dependance are so little cultivated, and character is swaddled into uniformity with the established modes. TAYLOR has introduced his narrative by a letter to his friend and patron, in which he briefly states the origin of his expedition. He informs us that in the beginning of 1844 he resolved to realize his long-cherished dream of visiting Europe. A cousin was to leave in a few months, and he determined at all hazards to accompany him. He was then entirely without means. A friend advised him to publish a volume of poems. He did so. The expenses of the printing were defrayed by the sale, and it obtained for him an introduction to some persons of influence. After great efforts he made an engagement with two or three editors to supply them with letters from Europe, and his volume had yielded some profit. He found himself the owner of 150 dollars, and with this he resolved to start, trusting to writing on his way, or at the worst to his skill as a printer, to help him in case of need. Of course his fund was soon exhausted. But his friends in America were not forgetful of him. The editors with whom he corresponded were so well pleased with his contributions that they renewed their engagements, and other small aids were remitted from time to time, so that he was enabled to pursue his travels for two years. On his return he wrote the present narrative of his experiences during his absence.

As a book of travels, this is not likely to be very attractive to Europeans. To them the places visited are already sufficiently familiar. It would be difficult for the most observant traveller to produce much of novelty out of materials so hackneyed. It is only from the idiosyncrasy of the traveller, colouring objects with the hues of his own mind that freshness can be given to scenes that have been pouredtrayed by a thousand tourists. But in Mr. TAYLOR there is no such peculiar mode of seeing, nor original vein of reflection. He writes well, and even elegantly. His descriptions are correct and graphic, and to his countrymen they will convey very vivid ideas of places and persons they have not seen, but whose interest to them is such that they can never listen too often to accounts of them.

It is by the personal narrative that English curiosity will be excited. Here the Traveller's story has the charm always attendant upon the records of enterprise, in which courage, endurance, and energy have conquered great difficulties, and achieved a worthy purpose under adverse circumstances. It is to the portions of the work which describe the privations, the anxieties, and the physical endurance of the printer's apprentice as he wandered about Europe a-foot, always with a light purse, often with an empty one, that our readers will turn with gratification, and we hope with profit, and which will recommend the volumes to a patronage here that could not be commanded by the subject. This will be seen by the illustrative gleanings which we propose to make both from the descriptions and the personal adventures.

It should be premised that TAYLOR landed first in Ireland; thence he proceeded to Scotland, and thence to England. Crossing the Channel he explored Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Saxon Switzerland, Prague, the

Danube, Vienna, Styria, Munich, Switzerland, Italy, Paris, and Normandy, whence he returned to London.

In the Highlands he notes this trait of

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

I was somewhat amused with seeing a splendid carriage with footmen and outriders, crossing the mountain, the glorious landscape full in view, containing a richly dressed lady, *fast asleep!* It is no uncommon thing to meet carriages in the Highlands, in which the occupants are comfortably reading, while being whirled through the finest scenery. And *apropos* of this subject, my German friend related to me an incident. His brother was travelling on the Rhine, and when in the midst of the grandest scenes, met a carriage containing an English gentleman and lady, both asleep, while on the seat behind was stationed an artist, sketching away with all his might. He asked the latter the reason of his industry, when he answered, "Oh! my lord wishes to see every night what he has passed during the day, and so I sketch as we go along."

At Frankfort he relates an anecdote of

ROTHSCHILD.

I have seen the banker Rothschild several times driving about the city. This one—Anselmo, the most celebrated of the brothers—holds a mortgage on the city of Jerusalem. He rides about in style, with officers attending his carriage. He is a little bald-headed man, with marked Jewish features, and is said not to deceive his looks. At any rate, his reputation is none of the best, either with Jews or Christians. A caricature was published some time ago, in which he is represented as giving a beggar woman, by the way-side, a kreutzer—the smallest German coin. She is made to exclaim, "God reward you, a thousand fold!" He immediately replies, after reckoning up in his head; "How much have I then?—sixteen florins and forty kreutzers!"

Our traveller spent a Christmas in Germany, and was much pleased at the customs still observed there in all their pristine genuineness. Thus is kept

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN GERMANY.

New Year's Eve is also favoured with a peculiar celebration in Germany. Every body remains up and makes himself merry till midnight. The Christmas trees are again lighted, and while the tapers are burning down, the family play for articles which they have purchased and hung on the boughs. It is so arranged that each one shall win as much as he gives, which change of articles makes much amusement. One of the ladies rejoiced in the possession of a red silk handkerchief and a cake of soap, while a cup and saucer and a pair of scissors fell to my lot! As midnight drew near, it was louder in the streets, and companies of people, some of them singing in chorus, passed by on their way to the Zeil. Finally three-quarters struck, the windows were opened, and every one waited anxiously for the clock to strike. At the first sound, such a cry arose as one may imagine when thirty or forty thousand persons all set their lungs going at once. Every body in the house, in the street, over the whole city, shouted "*Prosst Neu Jahr!*" In families, all the members embrace each other, with wishes of happiness for the new year. Then the windows are thrown open, and they cry to their neighbours or those passing by. After we had exchanged congratulations, Dennett, B—— and I set out for the Zeil. The streets were full of people, shouting to one another and to those standing at the open windows. We failed not to cry "*Prosst Neu Jahr!*" wherever we saw a damsel at the window, and the words came back to us more musically than we sent them. Along the Zeil the spectacle was most singular. The great wide street was filled with companies of men, marching up and down, while from the mass rang up one deafening, unending shout, that seemed to pierce the black sky above. The whole scene looked stranger and wilder from the flickering light of the swinging lamps, and I could not help thinking it must resemble a night in Paris during the French Revolution. We joined the crowd and used our lungs as well as any of them. For some time after we returned home, companies passed by, singing "with us 'tis ever so!" but at three o'clock all was again silent.

Here is a vivid picture of

FRANKFORT FAIR.

The fair has now commenced in earnest, and it is a most singular and interesting sight. The open squares are filled with booths, leaving narrow streets between them, across which canvas is spread. Every booth is open, and filled with a dazzling display of wares of all kinds. Merchants assemble from all parts of Europe. The Bohemians come with their gorgeous crystal ware; the Nurembergers with their toys, quaint and fanciful as the old city itself; men from the Thuringian forest, with minerals and canes, and traders from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Switzerland, with dry goods and wares of all kinds. Near the Exchange are two or three companies of Tyrolese, who attract much of my attention. Their costume is exceedingly picturesque. The men have all splendid manly figures, and honour and bravery are written on their countenances. One of the girls is a really handsome mountain maiden, and with her pointed, broad-brimmed black hat, as romantic looking as one could desire. The musicians have arrived, and we are entertained the whole day long by wandering bands, some of whom play finely. The best, which is also the favourite company, is from Saxony, called "The Mountain Boys." They are now playing in our street, and while I write, one of the beautiful choruses from Norma comes up through the din of the crowd. In fact, music is heard over the whole city, and the throngs that fill every street with all sorts of faces and dresses, somewhat relieve the monotony that was beginning to make Frankfort tiresome. We have an ever-varied and interesting scene from our window. Besides the motley crowd of passers-by, there are booths and tables stationed thick below. One man in particular is busily engaged in selling his store of blacking in the auction style, in a manner that would do credit to a real Down-easter. He has flaming certificates exhibited, and prefaces his calls to buy with a high-sounding description of its wonderful qualities. He has a bench in front, where he tests it on the shoes of his customers, or if none of those are disposed to try it, he rubs it on his own, which shine like mirrors. So he rattles on with amazing fluency in French, German, and Italian, and this, with his black beard and moustache, and his polite, graceful manner, keeps a crowd of customers around him, so that the wonderful blacking goes off as fast as he can supply it.

In the same city he paid a visit to

MENDELSSOHN.

I have rarely seen a man whose countenance bears so plainly the stamp of genius. He has a glorious dark eye, and Byron's expression of a "dome of thought," could never be more appropriately applied than to his lofty and intellectual forehead, the marble whiteness and polish of which are heightened by the raven hue of his hair. He is about forty years of age, in the noon of his fame, and the full maturity of his genius. Already as a boy of fourteen he composed an opera, which was played with much success at Berlin; he is now the first living composer of Germany. Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish philosopher, was his grandfather; and his father, now living, is accustomed to say that in his youth he was spoken of as the *son* of the great Mendelssohn; now he is known as the *father* of the great Mendelssohn!

There is novelty in this picture of

BOHEMIAN CARRIAGES.

In the neighbourhood of Iglau, and, in fact, through the whole of Bohemia, we saw some of the strangest teams that could well be imagined. I thought the Frankfort milkwomen, with their donkeys and hearse-like carts, were comical objects enough, but they bear no comparison with these Bohemian turn-outs. Dogs—for economy's sake, perhaps—generally supply the place of oxen or horses, and it is no uncommon thing to see three large mastiffs abreast, harnessed to a country cart. A donkey and a cow together are sometimes met with, and one man going to the festival at Iglau, had his wife and children in a little wagon drawn by a dog and a donkey. These two, however, did not work well together; the dog would bite his lazy companion, and the man's time was constantly employed in whipping him off the donkey, and in whipping the donkey away from the side of the road. Once I saw a wagon drawn by a dog, with a woman pushing behind,

while a man, doubtless her lord and master, sat comfortably within, smoking his pipe with the greatest complacency! The very climax of all was a woman and a dog harnessed together, taking a load of country produce to market! I hope, for the honour of the country, it was not emblematic of woman's condition there. But as we saw hundreds of them breaking stones along the road, and occupied at other laborious and not less menial labour, there is too much reason to fear that it is so.

Nor will the reader be displeased to learn something of

STRAUSS AND HIS BAND.

The orchestra was placed in a little ornamental temple in the garden, in front of which I stationed myself, for I was anxious to see the world's waltz-king, whose magic tones can set the heels of half Christendom in motion. After the band had finished tuning their instruments, a middle-sized, handsome man stepped forward with long strides, with a violin in one hand and bow in the other, and began waving the latter up and down, like a magician summoning his spirits. As if he had waved the sound out of his bow, the tones leaped forth from the instruments, and guided by his eye and hand, fell into a merry measure. The accuracy with which every instrument performed its part, was truly marvellous. He could not have struck the measure or the harmony more certainly from the keys of his own piano, than from that large band. The sounds struggled forth, so perfect and distinct, that one almost expected to see them embodied, whirling in wild dance around him. Sometimes the air was so exquisitely light and bounding, the feet could scarcely keep on the earth; then it sank into a mournful lament, with a sobbing tremulousness, and died away in a long-breathed sigh. Strauss seemed to feel the music in every limb. He would wave his fiddle-bow awhile, then commence playing with desperate energy, moving his whole body to the measure, till the sweat rolled from his brow. A book was lying on the stand before him, but he made no use of it. He often glanced around with a kind of half-triumphant smile at the restless crowd, whose feet could scarcely be restrained from bounding to the magic measure. It was the horn of Oberon realized.

TAYLOR takes the opportunity, when writing from Italy, to rebuke the utilitarian prejudices of his countrymen. The hint may be extended to some of our own people.

Italy still remains the home of art, and it is but just she should keep these treasures, though the age that brought them forth has passed away. They are her only support now; her people are dependent for their subsistence on the glory of the past. The spirits of the old painters, living still on their canvasses, earn from year to year the bread of an indigent and oppressed people. This ought to silence those utilitarians at home, who oppose the cultivation of the fine arts, on the ground of their being useless luxuries. Let them look to Italy, where a picture by Raphael or Correggio is a rich legacy for a whole city. Nothing is useless that gratifies that perception of beauty, which is at once the most delicate and the most intense of our mental sensations, binding us by an unconscious link nearer to nature and to Him, whose every thought is born of Beauty, Truth, and Love. I envy not the one who looks with a cold and indifferent spirit on these immortal creations of the old masters—these poems written in marble and on the canvasses. They who oppose every thing which can refine and spiritualize the nature of man, by binding him down to the cares of the work-day world alone, cheat life of half its glory.

At Florence he notices with just pride the number of Americans who are distinguishing themselves in art, and the fact is remarkable. There are residing BROWN, a landscape-painter of great promise; GREENHOUGH, whose group of the "Backwoodsman struggling with the Indian" is the admiration of Italy; IVES, whose bust of *Jephtha's Daughter* marks him as a genius; and POWERS, whose *Greek Slave* will never be forgotten by those who saw it in London, where it rested on its way to America. He has since completed another that will rank with the finest works the world possesses.

POWERS' EVE.

You would like to hear of his statue of Eve, which men of taste pronounce one of the finest works of modern times. A more perfect figure never filled my eye. I have seen the masterpieces of Thorwaldsen, Dannecker, and Canova, and the Venus de Medici, but I have seen nothing yet that can exceed the beauty of this glorious statue. So completely did the first view excite my surprise and delight, and thrill every feeling that awakes at the sight of the Beautiful, that my mind dwelt intensely on it for days afterwards. This is the Eve of Scripture—the Eve of Milton—mother of mankind and fairest of all her race. With the full and majestic beauty of ripened womanhood, she wears the purity of a world as yet unknown to sin. With the bearing of a queen, there is in her countenance the softness and grace of a tender, loving woman;

God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty.

She holds the fatal fruit extended in her hand, and her face expresses the struggle between conscience, dread, and desire. The serpent, whose coiled length under the leaves and flowers entirely surrounds her, thus forming a beautiful allegorical symbol, is watching her decision from an ivied trunk at her side. Her form is said to be fully as perfect as the Venus de Medici, and from its greater size, has an air of conscious and ennobling dignity. The head is far superior in beauty, and the soul speaks from every feature of the countenance.

As a specimen of our traveller's poetry we extract the very beautiful stanzas suggested by the contemplation of this wonderful production of his countryman:—

THE "EVE" OF POWERS.

A faultless being from the marble sprung,
She stands in beauty there!
As when the grace of Eden 'round her clung—
Fairest, where all was fair!
Pure as when first from God's creating hand
She came, on man to shine;
So seems she now, in living stone to stand—
A mortal, yet divine!

The spark the Grecian from Olympus caught,
Left not a loftier trace;
The daring of the sculptor's hand has wrought
A soul in that sweet face!
He won as well the sacred fire from heaven,
God-sent, not stolen down,
And no Promethean doom for him is given,
But ages of renown!

The soul of beauty breathes around that form
A more enchanting spell;
There blooms each virgin grace, ere yet the storm
On blighted Eden fell!
The first desire upon her lovely brow,
Raised by an evil power;
Doubt, longing, dread, are in her features now—
It is the trial-hour.

How every thought that strives within her breast,
In that one glance is shewn!
Say, can that heart of marble be at rest,
Since spirit warms the stone?
Will not those limbs, of so divine a mould,
Move, when her thought is o'er—
When she has yielded to the tempter's hold
And Eden blooms no more?

Art, like a phoenix, springs from dust again—
She cannot pass away!
Bound down in gloom, she breaks apart the chain
And struggles up to day!
The flame, first kindled in the ages gone,
Has never ceased to burn,
And westward, now, appears the kindling dawn,
Which marks the day's return.

This poem proves that our author has in him a spark of the true fire, and justifies his friend WILLIS's ardent anticipations of future fame. We conclude with his summary of the results of his experience as to the

EXPENSES OF TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

In large cities we always preferred to take the second or third-rate hotels, which are generally visited by merchants and

persons who travel on business; for, with the same comforts as the first rank, they are nearly twice as cheap. A traveller, with a guide-book and a good pair of eyes, can also dispense with the services of a *courier*, whose duty it is to conduct strangers about the city, from one lion to another. We chose rather to find out and view the "sights" at our leisure. In small villages, where we were often obliged to stop, we chose the best hotels, which, particularly in Northern Germany and in Italy, are none too good. But if it was a *post*, that is, a town where the post-chaise stops to change horses, we usually avoided the post-hotel, where one must pay high for having curtains before his windows and a more elegant cover on his bed. In the less splendid country inns, we always found neat, comfortable lodging, and a pleasant, friendly reception from the people. They saluted us on entering, with "Be you welcome," and on leaving, wished us a pleasant journey and good fortune. The host, when he brought us supper or breakfast, lifted his cap, and wished us a good appetite—and when he lighted us to our chambers, left us with "May you sleep well!" We generally found honest, friendly people; they delighted in telling us about the country around; what ruins there were in the neighbourhood—and what strange legends were connected with them. The only part of Europe where it is unpleasant to travel in this manner, is Bohemia. We could rarely find a comfortable inn; the people all spoke an unknown language, and were not particularly celebrated for their honesty. Beside this, travellers rarely go on foot in those regions; we were frequently taken for travelling handwerker, and subjected to imposition. * * * * The expenses of travelling in England, although much greater than in our own country, may, as we learned by experience, be brought, through economy, within the same compass. Indeed, it is my belief, from observation, that, with few exceptions, throughout Europe, where a traveller enjoys the same comfort and abundance as in America, he must pay the same prices. The principal difference is, that he only pays for what he gets, so that, if he be content with the necessities of life, without its luxuries, the expense is in proportion.

A Tour from Thebes to the Peninsula of Sinai. By Professor R. LEPSIUS, of Berlin, between March 4 and April 14, 1845. Translated from the German by CHARLES HERBERT COTTRELL, Esq. London: Petheram.

THIS is the smallest book of travel that ever came into our hands. But the distance traversed was small, and the narrative was written with a specific purpose, to illustrate the topography of the Scriptures in some important particulars. It is, therefore, rather a dissertation than a tour, and contains little to attract the general reader, although a valuable contribution to the learned, as illustrating the journey of the Israelites. We have noted two or three passages only.

THE MANNA AND QUAILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

Now it was in the wilderness of Sin that the Lord sent the quails and manna for the people to eat. I have already mentioned the vast number of desert fowls, which are still so remarkable at the present day. They naturally frequented principally the most fertile valleys; and the manna is likewise found only in the well-watered valleys of the primitive mountains, especially, and now almost exclusively, in the *Wadi Firán* and the adjoining part of the *Wadi e' Schech*. The Arabs say that it is found in one or two more distant places, and assert that it is not produced in the other valleys, although tarfa-bushes are met with almost everywhere. In dry seasons it frequently fails, even in the *Wadi Firán*, though this is not the proper occasion for saying more upon this remarkable tree-honey, which still appears in the wilderness of Arabia as the most wonderful food of the country. The season for it is in May and June, a little before the dates are ripe, the precise time of year when the Israelites arrived there. In wet seasons it then trickles down in incredible quantities from the tarfa-bushes on to the sand, where it is eagerly picked up both by man and beast. It is renewed fresh every morning, but melts in the heat of the sun at noon; as we read in Exodus xvi. 21, "And when the sun waxed hot, it melted." I was highly gratified on first discovering, contrary to my expectation, after a careful search

in a twig of tarfa on the convent mountain of *Hererát*, a few glistening pearls of manna, and when the Arabs assured me that it *was* manna, although the season for it had not arrived. On looking farther, I found several more white and yellow drops in rich strings, and, on many of them, the little worms mentioned in Exodus, so that I was able to collect several little twigs full of manna, which I put into a bottle and brought away. It is, in fact, inconceivable to me, how so circumspect a man as Robinson could for a moment doubt that this is the old manna of the Israelites, which the Arabs to this day call *men*, and suppose that their manna was something very different, and sent expressly for them from Heaven. If his objection was only as to the quantity, and certainly there may not perhaps be sufficient to feed such a multitude, which he did not see very well how to account for, he must, upon the same grounds, suppose that there were many more quails, and a much more ample supply of water, than at the present day, because the sustenance of such an immense multitude as they were, especially in the desert of Arabia, seems inexplicable by any reasoning we can offer on the subject.

Professor LEPSIUS considers that the mountain called *Serbál* was the true Sinai of Scripture, and he gives this description of it:—

THE TRUE SINAI.

After making an accurate survey from the top of the hillock, I went down to the tent, which I had pitched in the middle of the valley of Palms, and then up to the *Wadi Alegát*, at the rear of which the *Serbál* rises, whose five peaks seemed to me to grow higher and larger the further I proceeded. After ten minutes' walk, a row of low stone huts, in the old style, commenced on the left cliff bordering on the valley, built entirely of the black stone of the primitive formation, but carefully constructed with sharp angles and upright walls, containing generally only one, but occasionally two, three, and even five rooms, one after the other. Each of them was only just wide and high enough to allow a man to lie down and sit comfortably, but not to stand upright or walk about, so that they had the appearance of tombs rather than dwelling-houses. It was only after a close examination that I was convinced they were really dwellings merely, that is, places for shelter against rain and sun. They were all roofed with slabs of stone, either open on the narrow side, or closed up on all four sides, and accessible only through the roof. At the point where the rows of houses began, we found upon the large blocks of granite on the road and in the valley a countless number of the so-called Sinaitic inscriptions, which have hitherto been considered so enigmatical. They were engraven with pointed chisels on the hard crust of the black stone, and some of them are still very strongly marked and legible, though barely below the surface, and only distinguishable owing to the lighter colour of the letters contrasted with the general surface. These inscriptions lasted as far as the group of palm-trees, which, at a gradual bend of the valley, overshadow a cool spring of deliciously-flavoured water, and are said to continue still higher up the mountain. From this spring I had the loveliest and most commanding view of the *Serbál*, which here rises at once majestically several thousand feet. Its splendid peaks towered up to heaven like flames of fire in the setting sun, and made upon me an almost overpowering impression. It is impossible to describe the sublimity and majesty of these black mountain masses—rising as they do, not in a wild and irregular form, but on a grand and imposing scale—at the foot of which I was standing, not separated from it here by any projecting promontory or ledge, so abruptly does the whole body of the mountain start up from this point. Darkness came on before I left the palms, and returned to my tent in the valley, full of all I had seen during the day. We had commenced the ascent of the *Serbál Wadi Rim*, by a toilsome, or, strictly speaking, no-road, but were amply rewarded for our fatigue by the view of the panorama of the country, which was open on all sides, as well as of the lake, across to the Egyptian range. From hence, therefore, we ascended it for the second time, although we were assured by the Arabs that this is the proper road up to the summit, and indeed on this side the only one; it is called the *Derb Serbál*, or *Serbál* road.

The traveller and his friends had a very narrow escape from a terrible death. We conclude with his account of

A PERILOUS POSITION.

We went ourselves on camels to visit the granite quarries of *Gebel Futireh* (Mons Claudianus), and the splendid porphyry quarries of *Gebel Dochán* (Mons Porphyrites), through a high, barren range, almost without signs of vegetation, in which we only found water once in eight days, and then only rain water which collects in the clefts of the granite, but fails entirely in dry seasons. In looking for this spring we were in the greatest peril we had hitherto encountered in our Egyptian tour. One day's journey before we reached it, we had ridden on, as usual, before the caravan, with the guide, who towards evening completely lost himself in the mountain range, which is full of valleys and ravines. Our scanty daily ration, consisting of four biscuits and a flask of water, which ought only to have lasted from our coffee in the morning to our evening dish of rice, had long been exhausted, and we were obliged to pass the night without bread and water, away from the caravan, on the sand, under the canopy of heaven. Next morning, the guide, who could never find his way back into the right track, led us by different circuitous roads through a desert, without a tree to shade us, water, or pathway, and at last deserted us in a mountainous country, without a house within a distance of several days' journey. When we got to the bottom of a very precipitous ledge of rock, I sent him on to the next turn in search of water; but he did not come back the whole morning, and the probability was that he had met with an accident, or perhaps played us some slippery trick out of sheer mental anxiety. Unwilling as I was to believe either the one or the other, I should have waited in the same spot to the last extremity, thinking it foolhardy having once lost our way, to attempt to proceed further in this mountain country without any other guide than the stars. At last, however, fortunately for us all, I yielded to the wishes of the rest of the party, and set off about mid-day. We took the guide's camel with us, intending to go in search of two Arab huts, which we had seen the previous day, fifteen or twenty miles off, between the hills, the only dwellings we had met with throughout our tour. Owing to the wrong roads we had taken in the night, with nothing but the stars to direct us, there was very little probability of finding them again. Of the caravan, and whether they had found water, we knew nothing at all; there was only one Arab with it, who had been here before, and that but once, twenty-one years ago, and it was twelve years since our lost guide had been here. We were rescued from our critical situation in a most wonderful manner. We had ridden on from the stony ravine into a more extensive valley, and following this, in about an hour's time, met with two Arabs on camels, whom our Turkish *kavass* had luckily sent after us into the higher mountains, after having fired away all his powder, and lighted fires on the hill-tops in vain the night before. They brought us bread and water; and the expressions of real joy on the part of the Arabs and our servants at meeting, were truly touching. It immediately struck us, that if we had left the secluded ravine one quarter of an hour sooner or later, we should have missed the Arabs, and consequently have incurred the greatest risk of dying of starvation on these barren mountains, as three Turkish soldiers actually did a few years before, having been deserted by their guide like ourselves. As for our conductor, the camel-drivers fell in with him, as they were taking their beasts to water in the evening, with his mouth open, his feet cut to pieces, and his body swollen, from drinking to excess, out of the fountain near which he was lying speechless. He must have got there at last by dint of Arab instinct, and was brought on a camel into our tent, which had been pitched more than two miles short of the spring, owing to the caravan having been misled by our track of the previous day.

Travels in Peru, during the years 1838 to 1842, on the Coast, in the Sierra, across the Cordilleras, and the Andes, into the Primeval Forests. By Dr. J. J. Von TSCHUDI. Translated from the German. By THOMASINA ROSS. London, 1847. Bogue.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

WE continue our notice of this very amusing work, and deem an apology needless for returning to it.

On the heights of the Cordilleras, where we left the Doctor, the diminished atmospheric pressure shews itself

in intolerable symptoms of weariness, and an extreme difficulty of breathing. The malady thus produced is called the veta, and the sensations are similar to those of sea-sickness. On some domestic animals the effects are still more severe. Cats cannot live at a greater height than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea; they die in frightful convulsions, after a few days' residence. This is

THE CLIMATE OF THE CORDILLERAS.

Heavy falls of snow in the Cordillera are usually accompanied by thunder and lightning. During five months of the year, from November to March, storms are of daily occurrence. They begin with singular regularity, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and continue till five or half-past five in the evening. After that time storms of thunder and lightning never occur; but the falls of snow sometimes continue till midnight. As evening approaches, cold mists are drifted from the mountain-tops down upon the plains; but they are dispersed by the rays of the morning sun, which in a few hours melt the snow. The furious tempests in these regions exceed any idea that can be formed of them, and can only be conceived by those who have witnessed them. Some of these mountain districts have acquired an ominous character for storms; Antaichahua is one of the places to which this sort of fearful celebrity belongs. For hours together flash follows flash, painting blood-red cataracts on the naked precipices. The forked lightning darts its zig-zag flashes on the mountain-tops, or, running along the ground, imprints deep furrows in its course; whilst the atmosphere quivers amidst uninterrupted peals of thunder, repeated a thousandfold by the mountain echoes. The traveller, overtaken by these terrific storms, dismounts from his trembling horse, and takes refuge beneath the shelter of some overhanging rock.

Vegetation is scanty, and animals are rare. The most remarkable is

THE CONDOR OF THE CORDILLERAS.

The condor alone finds itself in its native element amid these mountain deserts. On the inaccessible summits of the Cordillera that bird builds its nest, and hatches its young in the months of April and May. Few animals have attained so universal a celebrity as the condor. That bird was known in Europe, at a period when his native land was numbered among those fabulous regions which are regarded as the scenes of imaginary wonders. The most extravagant accounts of the condor were written and read, and general credence was granted to every story which travellers brought from the fairy land of gold and silver. It was only at the commencement of the present century that Humboldt overthrew the extravagant notions that previously prevailed respecting the size, strength, and habits of that extraordinary bird. The full-grown condor measures, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, from four feet ten inches to five feet; and from the tip of one wing to the other, from twelve to thirteen feet. This bird feeds chiefly on carrion: it is only when impelled by hunger that he seizes living animals, and even then only the small and defenceless, such as the young of sheep, vicunas, and llamas. He cannot raise great weights with his feet, which, however, he uses to aid the power of his beak. The principal strength of the condor lies in his neck and in his feet; yet he cannot, when flying, carry a weight exceeding eight or ten pounds. All accounts of sheep and calves being carried off by condors are mere exaggerations. This bird passes a great part of the day in sleep, and hovers in quest of prey chiefly in the morning and evening. Whilst soaring at a height beyond the reach of human eyes, the sharp-sighted condor discerns his prey on the level heights beneath him, and darts down upon it with the swiftness of lightning. When a bait is laid, it is curious to observe the numbers of condors which assemble in a quarter of an hour, in a spot near which not one had been previously visible. These birds possess the senses of sight and smell in a singularly powerful degree.

A curious method of capturing him alive is practised in one of the provinces.

A fresh cow-hide, with some fragments of flesh adhering to it, is spread out on one of the level heights, and an Indian provided with ropes creeps beneath it, whilst some others station themselves in ambush near the spot, ready to assist

him. Presently a condor, attracted by the smell of the flesh, darts down upon the cow-hide, and then the Indian, who is concealed under it, seizes the bird by the legs, and binds them fast in the skin, as if in a bag. The captured condor flaps his wings, and makes ineffectual attempts to fly; but he is speedily secured, and carried in triumph to the nearest village.

Between the Cordillera and the Andes, at the height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, there are vast tracts of uninhabitable table-land called the *Puna*. It is marked by currents of cold and hot air, which have the power of speedily drying animal bodies, and thereby preventing putridity. A dead mule is converted, entrails and all, into a mummy in a few days. The vegetation is poor and scanty, only one plant being cultivated with success, the *maca*, a tuberous root, grown like the potatoe, about the size of a chestnut, of which the inhabitants make a sort of soup. But, strange to say, this region is the abode of the great native mammalia of Peru, the llama, the alpaco, the huanacu, and the vicuna.

The price of a llama is from three to four dollars; he will carry a burden of 125 pounds, and will descend declivities upon which asses and mules cannot keep their footing. The daily journeys are short. These are some of the peculiarities of

THE LLAMA.

When resting they make a peculiar humming noise, which, when proceeding from a numerous flock at a distance, is like a number of *Æolian* harps sounding in concert. A flock of laden llamas journeying over the table-lands is a beautiful sight. They proceed at a slow and measured pace, gazing around on every side. When any strange object scares them, the flock separates, and disperses in various directions, and the *arrieros* have no little difficulty in reassembling them. The Indians are very fond of these animals. They adorn them by tying bows of ribbon to their ears, and hanging bells round their necks: and before loading, they always fondle and caress them affectionately. If, during a journey, one of the llamas is fatigued and lies down, the *arriero* kneels beside the animal, and addresses to it the most coaxing and endearing expressions. But notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed on them, many llamas perish on every journey to the coast, as they are not able to bear the warm climate.

These are interesting traits of

THE VICUNA.

It lives in herds, consisting of from six to fifteen females, and one male, who is the protector and leader of the head. Whilst the females are quietly grazing, the male stands at the distance of some paces apart, and carefully keeps guard over them. At the approach of danger he gives a signal, consisting of a sort of whistling sound, and a quick movement of the foot. Immediately the herd draws closely together, each animal anxiously stretching out its head in the direction of the threatening danger. They then take to flight; first moving leisurely and cautiously, and then quickening their pace to the utmost degree of speed; while the male *vicuna* who covers the retreat frequently halts, to observe the movements of the enemy. The females, with singular fidelity and affection, reward the watchful care of their protector. If he is wounded or killed, they gather round him in a circle, uttering their shrill tones of lamentation, and they will suffer themselves to be captured or killed, rather than desert him by pursuing their flight.

There are other remarkable inhabitants of the *Puna* noted by Dr. TSCHUDI. Thus,

THE PUNA DOG.

They are distinguished by a small head, a pointed muzzle, small erect ears, a tail curling upwards, and a thick shaggy skin. They are in a half-wild state, and very surly and snappish. They furiously attack strangers, and even after having received a deadly wound they will crawl along the ground, and make an effort to bite. To white people they appear to have a particular antipathy; and sometimes it becomes rather a venturesome undertaking for a European traveller to approach an Indian hut, for these mountain dogs spring up to the sides

of the horse, and try to bite the rider's legs. They are snarlish and intractable even to their masters, who are often obliged to enforce obedience by the help of a stick. Yet these dogs are very useful animals for guarding flocks, and they have a keen scent for the *pishacas*, which they catch and kill with a single bite.

A curious bird is the *Cock of the Inga*, about the size of a starling, which has the remarkable peculiarity of making a monotonous sound at the close of every hour during the night.

In the *Puna* are many remains of the great highway of the Incas, which proves the high state of civilization the country had attained under the government of the Incas. On the heights of the *Puna* are numerous excavations made in search after a supposed concealed treasure, founded on the following tradition:—

When the last reigning Inca, Atahualpa or Atahualpa, was made prisoner by Don Francisco Pizarro, in Caxamarca, he proposed to ransom himself from the Spanish commander. The price he offered for his liberty was to fill with gold the cell in which he was confined, to the height of a certain line on the wall, which Pizarro marked with his sword. The cell, it may be mentioned, was twenty-two feet long and seventeen broad. A quantity of gold which the Inca ordered to be collected in Caxamarca and its vicinity, when piled up on the floor of the cell, did not reach above halfway to the given mark. The Inca then dispatched messengers to Cuzco to obtain from the royal treasury the gold required to make up the deficiency; and accordingly eleven thousand llamas were despatched from Cuzco to Caxamarca, each laden with one hundred pounds of gold. But ere the treasure reached its destination, Atahualpa was hanged by the advice of Don Diego de Almagra and the Dominican monk Vicente de Valverde. The terror-stirring news flew like wildfire through the land, and speedily reached the convoy of Indians, who were driving their richly-laden llamas over the level heights into Central Peru. On the spot where the intelligence of Atahualpa's death was communicated to them, the dismayed Indians concealed the treasure, and then dispersed.

Having traversed this route, the traveller suddenly beholds in the distance a large and populous city. This is the celebrated Cerro de Pasco, famed throughout the world for its silver mines. The country round is barren and inhospitable, but beneath the surface lies a boundless source of wealth. Some thousands of openings or mouths form the entrances to the mines; most of them are within the city, in small houses. They are worked by Indians, who are paid, not in money, but by a share of the ore.

With such attractions, the population of Cerro de Pasco presents a motley assemblage.

The old and new worlds seem there to have joined hands, and there is scarcely any nation of Europe or America that has not its representative in Cerro de Pasco. The Swede and the Sicilian, the Canadian and the Argentinian, are all united here at one point, and for one object. The inhabitants of this city may be ranked in two divisions, viz. traders and miners—taking both terms in their most comprehensive sense. The mercantile population consists chiefly of Europeans or white creoles, particularly those who are owners of large magazines. The keepers of coffee houses and brandy shops are here, as in Lima, chiefly Italians from Genoa. Other shops are kept by the *Mestizos*, and the provision-dealers are chiefly Indians, who bring their supplies from remote places.

The passion for mining is extraordinary. No disappointments destroy the hope of lighting upon a rich vein. The next most powerful passion is that for

GAMBLING IN CERRO DE PASCO.

In few other places are such vast sums staked at the gaming-table; for the superabundance of silver feeds that national vice of the Spaniards and their descendants. From the earliest hours of morning cards and dice are in requisition. The mine-owner leaves his silver stores, and the shop-keeper forsakes his counter, to pass a few hours every day at

the gaming-table; and card-playing is the only amusement in the best houses in the town. The mayordomos, after being engaged in the mines throughout the whole day, assemble with their comrades in the evening, round the gaming-table, from which they often do not rise until six in the morning when the bell summons them to resume their subterranean occupation. They not unfrequently gamble away their share of a boya before any indication of one is discernible in the mine.

The infection spreads to all classes.

THE MINERS.

When an unusually abundant produce of the mines throws extra payment into the hands of the mine labourers, they squander their money with the most absurd extravagance, and they are excellent customers to the European dealers in dress and other articles of luxury. Prompted by a ludicrous spirit of imitation, the Indian, in his fits of drunkenness, will purchase costly things which he can have no possible use for, and which he becomes weary of after an hour's possession. I once saw an Indian purchase a cloak of fine cloth, for which he paid ninety-two dollars. He then repaired to a neighbouring pulperia,* where he drank till he became intoxicated, and then, staggering into the street, he fell down and rolled in the kennel. On rising and discovering that his cloak was besmeared with mud, he threw it off and left it in the street, for any one who might choose to pick it up. Such acts of reckless prodigality are of daily occurrence. A watchmaker in Cerro de Pasco informed me that one day an Indian came to his shop to purchase a gold watch. He shewed him one, observing that the price was twelve gold ounces (204 dollars), and that it probably would be too dear for him. The Cholo paid the money, and took the watch; then, after having examined it for a few minutes, he dashed it on the ground, observing that the thing was of no use to him. When the Indian miner possesses money, he never thinks of laying by a part of it, as neither he nor any of his family feel the least ambition to improve their miserable way of life. With them, drinking is the highest of all gratifications, and in the enjoyment of the present moment, they lose sight of all considerations for the future. Even those Cholos who come from distant parts of the country to share in the rich harvest of the mines of Cerro de Pasco, return to their homes as poor as when they left them, and with manners and morals vastly deteriorated.

The extraordinary wealth of some of the silver mines is shewn by the following anecdote of

A MINER'S RICHES.

Another extraordinary example of the productiveness of the Peruvian mines, is found at San Jose, in the department of Huancavelica. The owner of the mines of San Jose requested the viceroy Castro, whose friend he was, to become godfather to his first child. The viceroy consented, but at the time fixed for the christening, some important affair of state prevented him from quitting the capital, and he sent the vice-queen to officiate as his proxy. To render honour to his illustrious guest, the owner of the San Jose mines laid down a triple row of silver bars along the whole way (and it was no very short distance), from his house to the church. Over this silver pavement the vice-queen accompanied the infant to the church, where it was baptised. On her return, her munificent host presented to her the whole of the silver road, in token of his gratitude for the honour she had conferred on him. Since that time, the mines and the province in which they are situated have borne the name of Castrovireyna.

But Dr. TSCHUDI says that the mines worked are only a small fraction of those whose existence is known to the Indians, who hate their oppressors too much to reveal their knowledge. Some very interesting stories are told of this. Here are two:—

All endeavours to prevail on them to divulge these secrets have hitherto been fruitless. In the village of Huancayo, there lived, a few years ago, two brothers, Don Jose and Don Pedro Yriarte, two of the most eminent mineros of Peru. Having obtained intelligence that in the neighbouring mountains there existed some veins of pure silver, they sent a young

man, their agent, to endeavour to gain further information on the subject. The agent took up his abode in the cottage of a shepherd, to whom, however, he gave not the slightest intimation of the object of his mission. After a little time, an attachment arose between the young man and the shepherd's daughter, and the girl promised to disclose to her lover the position of a very rich mine. On a certain day, when she was going out to tend her sheep, she told him to follow her at a distance, and to notice the spot where she would let fall her *manta*; by turning up the earth on that spot, she assured him he would find the mouth of a mine. The young man did as he was directed, and after digging for a little time, he discovered a mine of considerable depth, containing rich ore. Whilst busily engaged in breaking out the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who expressed himself delighted at the discovery, and offered to assist him. After they had been at work for some hours, the old Indian handed to his companion a cup of *chicha*, which the young man thankfully accepted. But he had no sooner tasted the liquor than he felt ill, and he soon became convinced that poison had been mixed with the beverage. He snatched up the bag containing the metal he had collected, mounted his horse, and with the utmost speed galloped off to Huancayo. There, he related to Yriarte all that had occurred, described as accurately as he could the situation of the mine, and died on the following night. Active measures were immediately set on foot to trace out the mine, but without effect. The Indian and all his family had disappeared, and the mine was never discovered. In Huancayo there also dwelt a Franciscan monk. He was an inveterate gamster, and was involved in pecuniary embarrassments. The Indians in the neighbourhood of his dwelling-place were much attached to him, and frequently sent him presents of poultry, cheese, butter, &c. One day, after he had been a loser at the gaming-table, he complained bitterly of his misfortunes to an Indian, who was his particular friend. After some deliberation, the Indian observed, that possibly he could render him some assistance; and, accordingly, on the following evening, he brought him a large bag full of rich silver ore. This present was several times repeated; but the monk, not satisfied, pressed the Indian to shew him the mine from whence the treasure was drawn. The Indian consented, and on an appointed night he came, accompanied by two of his comrades, to the dwelling of the Franciscan. They blindfolded him, and each in turn carried him on his shoulders to a distance of several leagues, into the mountain passes. At length they set him down, and the bandage being removed from his eyes, he discovered that he was in a small and somewhat shallow shaft, and was surrounded by bright masses of silver. He was allowed to take as much as he could carry, and when laden with the rich prize, he was again blindfolded, and conveyed home in the same manner as he had been brought to the mine. Whilst the Indians were conducting him home, he hit on the following stratagem:—He unfastened his rosary, and here and there dropped one of the beads, hoping by this means to be enabled to trace his way back on the following day; but in the course of a couple of hours his Indian friend again knocked at his door, and presenting to him a handful of beads, said, "Father, you have dropped your rosary on the way, and I have picked it up."

An instance occurred to our traveller:—

When I was in Jauja, in the year 1841, an Indian whom I had previously known, from his having accompanied me on one of my journeys to the Sierra, came to me and asked me to lend him a crow-bar. I did so, and after a few days, when he returned it, I observed that the end was covered with silver. Some time afterwards, I learned that this Indian had been imprisoned by order of the sub-prefect, because he had offered for sale some very rich silver ore, and on being questioned as to where he had obtained it, his answer was that he found it on the road; a tale, the truth of which was very naturally doubted. The following year, when I was again in Jauja, the Indian paid me another visit. He then informed me that he had been for several months confined in a dark dungeon and half-starved, because the sub-prefect wanted to compel him to reveal the situation of a mine which he knew of, but that he would not disclose the secret, and adhered firmly to the statement he had made of having found the ore. After a little further conversation, he became more communicative than I

* A shop in which *chicha*, brandy, &c. are vended.

had any reason to expect, though he was fully convinced I would not betray him. He confessed to me that he actually knew of a large vein containing valuable silver, of which he shewed me a specimen. He further told me that it was only when he was much in want of money that he had recourse to the mine, of which the shaft was not very deep; and, moreover, that after closing it up, he always carried the loose rubbish away to a distance of some miles, and then covered the opening so carefully with turf and cactus, that it was impossible for any one to discern it. This Indian dwelt in a miserable hut, about three leagues from Jauja, and his occupation was making wooden stirrups, which employment scarcely enabled him to earn a scanty subsistence. He assured me it was only when he was called upon to pay contributions, which the government exacts with merciless rigour, that he had recourse to the mine. He then extracted about half an araba of ore, and sold it in Jauja, in order to pay the tax levied on him.

It was in the Puna that the Doctor met with his most dangerous adventure. He was alone, and had been ascending gradually for some hours, when he suddenly found himself attacked by the veta:—

My heart throbbed audibly; my breathing was short and interrupted. A world's weight seemed to lie upon my chest; my lips swelled and burst; the capillary vessels of my eyelids gave way, and blood flowed from them. In a few moments my senses began to leave me. I could neither see, hear, nor feel distinctly. A grey mist floated before my eyes; and I felt myself involved in that struggle between life and death which, a short time before, I fancied I could discern on the face of nature. Had all the riches of earth, or the glories of heaven awaited me a hundred feet higher, I could not have stretched out my hand towards them.

After a while his powers of life returned. Just then a snow storm came on, and the path was obliterated.

But unluckily I pursued the fresh track of a herd of vicuñas, which led me directly into a swamp. My mule sank, and was unable to extricate himself. I was almost in despair. Nevertheless, I cautiously alighted, and with incredible difficulty I succeeded in digging out with a dagger the mud in which the animal's legs were firmly fixed, and at length I got him back to a solid footing. After wandering about in various directions, I at length recovered the right path, which was marked by numerous skeletons protruding above the snow. These were the remains of beasts of burthen, which had perished on their journeys; a welcome, though an ominous guide to the wandering traveller. The clouds now suddenly separated, and the blazing light of the tropical sun glared dazzlingly on the white plain of snow. In a moment I felt my eyes stricken with *surumpe*. Suffering the most violent pain, and tormented by the apprehension of blindness, I with great difficulty pursued my way. My mule could scarcely wade through the sward, which was becoming more and more thick; and night was advancing. I had lost all feeling in my feet, my benumbed fingers could scarcely hold the bridle, and I well knew that the nearest point at which I could obtain the shelter of a human habitation was eight German miles distant. I was beginning to give myself up for lost when I observed a cave beneath an overhanging rock. Mother Nature, in whose service I had undertaken my long and perilous wanderings at that critical juncture, provided for me a retreat, though in one of her rudest sheltering places. I entered the cave, which protected me securely against the wind and the snow. Having unsaddled my mule, I made a bed of my saddle clothes and poncho. I tied the animal to a stone, and whilst he eagerly regaled himself with the little grass that was not buried beneath the snow, I satisfied my hunger with some roasted maize and cheese. Exhausted by the fatigue of the day, I lay down to sleep; but no sooner had I fallen into a slumber, than I was awoken by a violent smarting in my eyes, occasioned by the *surumpe*. There was no longer any hope of sleep. The night seemed endless. When the dawn of morning appeared, I made an effort to open my eyes, which were closed with coagulated blood. On looking around me I beheld all the horror of my situation. A human corpse had served for my pillow. Shuddering, I went in search of my mule, for I was eager to hurry from this dismal spot; but my misery was not yet at an end. The poor beast lay dead on the ground; in his ravenous

hunger he had eaten of the poisonous *garbancillo*. What could I do! In despair I turned back to the cave.

Fortunately some Indians chanced to pass soon afterwards, and conducted him to the next village.

In the Sierra traffic is conducted with the most extraordinary money in the world.

A BRITTLE COIN.

In some parts—for example, in the province of Jauja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coin, forty-eight or fifty being counted for a dollar. In the market-place and in the shops the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle sort of money: one will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo, and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shop-keepers, and sent to Lima. From Jauja alone, several thousand loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital.

The ceremonies at the feasts and fasts of the Church are extremely curious. This is the scene presented by

GOOD FRIDAY IN THE SIERRA.

Good Friday is solemnized in a manner the effect of which, to the unprejudiced foreigner, is partly burlesque and partly seriously impressive. From the early dawn of morning the church is thronged with Indians, who spend the day in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon a large image of the Saviour is brought from the sacristy and laid down in front of the altar. Immediately all the persons in the church rush forward with pieces of cotton to touch the wounds. This gives rise to a struggle, in which angry words and blows are interchanged; in short, there ensues a disgraceful scene of uproar, which is only checked by the interposition of one of the priests. Order being restored, the sacred image is fixed on the cross by three very large silver nails, and the head is encircled by a rich silver crown. On each side are the crosses of the two thieves. Having gaped at this spectacle to their hearts' content, the cholos retire from the church. At eight in the evening they re-assemble to witness the solemn ceremony of taking down the Saviour from the cross. The church is then brilliantly lighted up. At the foot of the cross stand four white-robed priests, called *los Santos Varones* (the holy men), whose office it is to take down the image. At a little distance from them, on a sort of stage or platform, stands a figure representing the Virgin Mary. This figure is dressed in black, with a white cap on its head. A priest, in a long discourse, explains the scene to the assembled people, and at the close of the address, turning to the Santos Varones, he says, "Ye holy men, ascend the ladders of the cross, and bring down the body of the Redeemer!" Two of the Santos Varones mount with hammers in their hands, and the priest then says, "Ye, holy man, on the right of the Saviour, strike the first blow on the nail of the hand, and take it out!" The command is obeyed, and no sooner is the stroke of the hammer heard, than deep groans and sounds of anguish resound through the church; whilst the cry of "*Misericordia! misericordia!*" repeated by a thousand imploring voices, produces an indescribable sensation of awe and melancholy. The nail is handed to one of the priests standing at the foot of the altar, who transfers it to another, and this one in his turn presents it to the figure of the Virgin. To that figure the priest then turns and addresses himself, saying: "Thou afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail which pierced the right hand of thy holy Son!" The priest steps forward a few paces, and the figure, by some concealed mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail with both hands, lays it on a silver plate, dries its eyes, and then returns to its place in the middle of the platform. The same ceremony is repeated when the two other nails are taken out. Throughout the whole performance of these solemnities, an uninterrupted groaning and howling is kept up by the Indians, who at every stroke of the hammer raise their cries of *Misericordia!* These sounds of anguish reach their climax when the priest consigns the body of the Saviour to the charge of the Virgin. The image is laid in a coffin tastefully adorned with flowers, which, together with the figure of the Virgin Mary, is paraded through the streets. Whilst this nocturnal procession, lighted by thousands of wax tapers, is making the circuit of the town, a party of Indians busy themselves in erecting before the church

door twelve arches decorated with flowers. Between every two of the arches they lay flowers on the ground, arranging them in various figures and designs. These flower-carpets are singularly ingenious and pretty. Each one is the work of two cholos, neither of whom seems to bestow any attention to what his comrade is doing; and yet, with a wonderful harmony of operation, they create the most tasteful designs—arabesques, animals, and landscapes, which grow, as it were by magic, under their hands.

Here we must pause, at least for the present. But sure we are our readers will be pleased if we should be enabled to find room for one more gleaning from the yet uncut 150 pages of this interesting volume.

FICTION.

Sixty Years Hence. A Novel. By the Author of "The White Slave," "Revelations of Russia," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1847. Newby.

THE idea of this novel was doubtless suggested by "the Mummy," a remarkable romance by Mrs. LOUDON, then Miss ROSE, which achieved great popularity, but is now scarcely remembered at the libraries. Miss ROSE's design was to exhibit an imaginary picture of the world a century later than the era at which she wrote, for this purpose realizing what then were deemed the dreams of philosophers, anticipating the progress of science and its adaptation to the uses of life. The hero of the tale was a resuscitated mummy, restored to existence by galvanism. The plot was ingeniously woven, and, combined with its novelty, afforded much amusement at the time, and it deserves not to be forgotten now, for the sagacity and far-sightedness of the accomplished authoress were displayed in a striking manner by the anticipations of scientific progress in which she ventured. It is a fact of which she may be reasonably proud, that several of her most visionary fancies, as they were then deemed, have been since realized, and things which, when he perused them, the reader pronounced "impossible," are now among the actual experiences of every-day life. Among the prophecies fulfilled may be noted the electric telegraph, the railway, the painless surgical operations, and the higher phenomena of animal electricity.

The novel before us aims in like manner to present an ideal picture of the world sixty years hence, but, as might be presumed from his previous publication, the author has devoted his attention more to the probable political and social condition of Europe, than to intellectual progress. The story here also is set in motion by agency of the asserted production of insect life by galvanic agency. The author is anxious to assure his readers that his pages have not the slightest prophetic assumption. He believes, he says, "that greater changes, and better things, will characterize the period to which they refer, and therefore he has only grouped together imaginary incidents—in all the freedom of fiction—for the purpose of illustrating truths, which, it is hoped, may thus be made more discernible, like the lines of resemblance rendered salient by the grotesque exaggeration of caricature."

But we cannot congratulate the author on the success with which he has worked out his design. Although a spirited and clever narrator, and if report does not belie him, somewhat prone to embellish his facts, he is not a novelist. He wants many of the qualifications essential to that character, and, foremost of all, the power of distinctly conceiving and individualizing the personages he summons before us. They differ from the life-like creations of the true novelist, as the head on a sign-board differs from a portrait by TITIAN. The one is mere form—the other is form animated by soul. But perhaps it is not quite fair to judge him by such a subject as he has here chosen. It is difficult to realize even to the most vivid imagination a state of society purely

conjectural, and to adapt to it the speech and actions of those who must be presumed to be at once influencing and influenced by it.

That there is amusement to be gleaned from this novel—that it exhibits considerable ingenuity—that there is a vigour in the composition which carries the reader forward without weariness, and incident so novel that if displeased with one page we turn to see what the next will reveal, is most true; and for these qualities it will doubtless have a run at the libraries. But the duty of THE CRITIC is not only to ascertain if a work is likely to be popular, but how far it will endure the abiding standard of literary excellence, and, tried by this test, *Sixty Years Hence* cannot hope to be remembered when the time comes for proving the sagacity of the author's anticipations. However, we doubt not that both author and publisher will be satisfied with the prosperous life of a season, and that they may reasonably expect to enjoy.

POETRY.

King Charles the First. A dramatic Poem, in Five Acts. By ARCHER GURNEY. London: Pickering.

WE have had, we believe, some previous acquaintance with Mr. GURNEY, as the author of "Love's Legends;" or at least the name of the writer of "Love's Legends," and the name of the writer of the poem before us are as similar as the identity of the two "Dromios." In our review of "Love's Legends" we advised the author to write again under the impression that he could accomplish better things. If our advice led to the publication of *Charles the First*, we can only say that we are not exactly satisfied with the result.

Mr. GURNEY may strive as he will to make it appear that his present work is a poem, "and not a political manifesto," but the fretful and one-sided politician completely overpowers the universality of the poet. Is the poetry of Mr. GURNEY indebted to his politics, or his politics to his poetry? The speculation would do for a chapter in the "Curiosities of Literature." Mr. GURNEY is sufficiently liberal to affirm that some of his "observations on English Conservatives and Conservatism may seem unnecessarily severe." He should have said so much, but he does not, of his remarks on the other great political party, of whom he writes,—"The modern ST. JOHN (Sir ROBERT PEEL) has fallen with his party. It would be almost needless, however, to remind my readers that those who have succeeded him in office are opposed to all the great institutions of the country, and that a violent attack on the Church may be expected ere long."

Mr. GURNEY believes CHARLES the First to be "one of the noblest of all mere human creatures, that have breathed the air upon this earthly planet." As if he would infer that some mortals never inhale the universal elixir—air. Added to this, he affirms that CHARLES was "the very best of kings," and HAMPDEN an hypocrite. Public opinion is strangely at variance with Mr. GURNEY's individual views; we might safely add that the general tone of history does not support his extravagant praises, or his bitter denouncements. He would have been more just had he chosen the middle course. Mr. GURNEY should have known that, whatever men are good, are not necessarily good because they reflect his individual character, neither are other men necessarily bad because they are not types of his own feelings. We wish not, neither is it our office, to do battle for any party in politics. Literature has no party, and, therefore, we have none; but it is right that we should shew our readers on what foundation Mr. GURNEY has attempted to erect a dramatic structure. Mr. GURNEY tells us that in his dramatic poem he has endeavoured to shew, artistically, the resemblance between the early days of CHARLES the First and our own immediate era.

If Mr. GURNEY's readers do not peruse his preface, they will scarcely stumble on the resemblance he has attempted to shew. Mr. GURNEY does not allow the public to search out the similitude in *one* point. He here disclaims the use of enigmas, and he thus addresses his readers on the two eras: "Then, as now, agitators were fierce and turbulent. A COBDEN and a BRIGHT have had their forerunners. If I name HAMPDEN and PYM, I shall be held, perhaps, to pay too great a compliment to our existing seditious."

As a dramatic poem, *Charles the First* is defective from the strong political bias—we had almost said, prejudice—of the author. Mr. GURNEY, like *Bottom*, the weaver, wishes to play all the characters himself. He is not exact as to a choice—Pyramis, Thisbe, or the Lion. The partizanship of the author is constantly seen through the mental drapery of his personages. "Royalists and Cavaliers," "Doubtfuls and Traitors," "Puritans, Round Heads, and Rebels"—all are centralised in Mr. GURNEY. Mr. GURNEY has made a subdivision of his likings and his dislikings, and from page 1 to the magical "finis" we see evidences of the one or the other. If we turn a leaf, and read, the spirit of Mr. GURNEY presents itself at our elbow, and we feel that we are not perusing the comprehensive soul of a poet, but the petty jealousies and the narrow speculations of a party man. This is quite sufficient to sink the claims of the dramatic poem under notice. All the world knew the political inclination of SCOTT, but SCOTT's genius was sufficiently mighty to overpower it. Ask the millions who read the enchantments of SCOTT, what they believe the novelist has done for the cause of a faction, and they cannot reply. Ask them what he has done for the cause of literature and mankind, and they will answer—"Very much that is internally felt." We cannot say so much for Mr. GURNEY. His *Charles the First* will never be familiar to the memories of men, not because it is deficient of tact or skill in its dramatic construction, not because it mirrors forth the wishes of a particular party, but because it is a contraction and reduction of all that grandeur of mind which makes the poet a creature of all countries and all times.

EDUCATION.

Opinions on the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities, and on University Reform of the Bishops, &c. &c. London: Pickering. 8vo, pp. 32.

A COLLECTION of passages from publications and speeches of Dignitaries of the Church and distinguished Churchmen on University Reform. It offers a powerful array of advocates in favour of those changes which are certainly demanded alike by the spirit and the necessities of the times, but which nevertheless should be made with tenderness and caution, that the good may be preserved intact, while evils are being swept away. This pamphlet will be a useful manual for those who have interested themselves in the subject.

The Young Ladies' New Grammar. By a Lady. Madden, 1847.

It would require a great genius to invent anything new in the shape of a grammar, nor can we discern much of novelty in the present publication. The Lady says, "that her object is to convert that which is generally considered a very irksome task into an agreeable attractive study." If she could accomplish that object she would deserve and receive a golden reward. But reviewing these pages we cannot congratulate her on the success that has attended her endeavours. She has not found the secret of making grammar "an agreeable and attractive study." We doubt, indeed, whether it be practicable. In other respects the volume is not without

merit. The rules are plainly put, and judiciously illustrated by examples, and the Parsing Exercises in the Syntax are excellent.

The History of Rome, from the earliest period to the close of the Empire. Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss CORNER. London. Dean and Co. MISS CORNER has acquired a deserved celebrity for her educational works, or rather for the singularly attractive and intelligible manner she has in narrating history. She does not affect a silly childishness, which boys and girls always feel to be an insult to their understandings, and resent accordingly, but she writes in pure Saxon, and avoids the use of words not likely to be understood by her readers, and explains whatever is difficult. She adds to each chapter a series of questions upon its contents, intended to aid idle or stupid teachers, and thus to insure that indispensable accompaniment of all school reading, a close examination afterwards into the extent of knowledge the pupil has acquired from the words he has been reading. Miss CORNER is too well known to need recommendation for any work she publishes. It is enough to announce the fact.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review, for February, opens with an article on a subject beginning to attract attention, both within and without the Church—University Reform. The present paper is devoted to a consideration of "Poor Students at the Universities," in relation to whom there are some excellent suggestions. A memoir of Bishop WILSON follows. Dr. Hook's "Three Reformatations" then receives an elaborate review, and introduces some strictures on the recent doings at Leeds, which have attracted so much public attention. The first of a series of promising articles on the Churches of London presents a minute description of St. Paul's Cathedral. "A few words on Archæology" have been suggested by the peculiar direction recently given to mediæval studies. A notice of MOTHERWELL'S Poems completes the number.

The Dublin University Magazine, for February, abounds in pleasant and profitable reading. Of learned articles the most prominent is an elaborate review and analysis of a History of Portugal, published last year in that country. In fiction the reader enjoys a tale of Cologne, entitled "The Rosicrucian," and a continuation of the interesting romance, "The Pearl of the Bosphorus." The second part of the series of papers on Remarkable Female Criminals brings to a conclusion the account of "The Poisoners of the Present Century." There are reviews of recent books on America, and of Mr. BOURKE'S St. Petersburg and Moscow. The addition of the month to the Portrait Gallery is THOMAS DAVIS, of whom an excellent sketch is given, and we welcome, with pleasure, the first of a series of papers entitled "Anthologia Hibernica," a collection of Irish poems by authors of little fame, but whose productions deserve to be snatched from oblivion. In proof we take one specimen, a song which is, or was, a particular favourite with the fishermen on the western coast of Ireland. It is thus translated, and certainly contains much wild poetry:—

THE BOATMAN'S HYMN.

O my gallant, gallant bark,
Oft, a many a day, and oft,
When the stormy skies above are dark,
And the surges foam aloft,
Dost thou ride,
In thy pride,
O'er the swelling bosom of the sea;
Though lightning flash,
And thunder crash,

Still, my royal bark, they daunt not thee!

Yeo ho, Yeo ho!

The bar is full, the tide runs high,
So! ready hand and steady eye,
And merrily we go!

Dazzling white, like woman's hand,
Shine thy sails, all pure from stain;
From the golden orient Indian land,
Came they hither o'er the main.

Far and fast,
Through the blast,
Let them bear thee, though Triumphant One!

Thou hast no fear
Of peril near;
Thou art blithe as though the bright sun shone!

Yeo ho! Yeo ho!
The bar is full—the tide runs high—
Ho! needful hand and heedful eye,
And cheerily we go!

The Boatman apostrophizes the Cliff of Dalán.

Dark Dalán! Colossal cliff!

Many an age hath scarred thy face:
Tell me, hast thou yet beheld a skiff
Rivalling mine for speed or grace
Ever sweep

O'er the Deep?
Hast thou seen my darling's match ere now?
Has bird of wing so bright
E'er sped along her flight
Under the broad shadow of thy brow?

Yeo ho! Yeo ho!
The bar is full—the tide runs high—
So! ready hand and steady eye,
And merrily we go!

The Cliff of Dalán replies to the Boatman.

True! from years of earliest Eld,
Here, unshaken, have I stood!
And, both noon and night, have oft beheld
Million tempests lash yon flood,
And have seen

O'er its green
Breast many a noble galley float,
But none, I frankly own,
Whose glory is not thrown
Into shade beside thy queenly boat!

Yeo ho! Yeo ho!
The bar is full—the tide runs high—
Now! needful hand, and heedful eye,
And cheerily you go!

The Gentleman's Magazine, for February, although boasting a life that has extended beyond a century, appears with the vigour of youth. It is still devoted chiefly to antiquarianism, but it does not neglect modern literature. The topics here discussed are the Correspondence of BURKE, the Constitution of the Anglo-Saxon Urtenagemot, the present condition of the State Paper Office, and such like, together with a Retrospective Review, and all kinds of Literary and Scientific Intelligence, an Historical Chronicle, and an Obituary. The engraving is a view of Cothelstone House, Somerset.

Dolman's Magazine, for February, under the auspices of its new editor, the Rev. E. PRICE, and his able corps of contributors, continues to become more and more worthy of its position as the monthly organ of the Roman Catholic body: "The Last Days of the Penal Laws," by the editor, is written with spirit; and Mr. JERNINGHAM'S "Anglican Revival" will be read with interest. "Kathleen Connor" is a singularly powerful tale.

Simmonds' Colonial Magazine, for February, contains the usual abundance of information relative to our Colonial Empire. It opens with an account of Kashmir; then there are some particulars that will be useful at home relative to the labour market of Australia. Mr. BROWN'S interesting "Life in the Jungle" is continued, with many other papers equally attractive.

The New Monthly Belle Assemblee, for January and February, under the editorship of CAMILLA TOULMIN, exhibits marked improvement. She has collected about

her a long list of distinguished contributors—a single number presenting the names of Mrs. ABDY, Mr. BARKER, Dr. S. MACKENZIE, CHARLES SWAIN, CALDER CAMPBELL, Lady E. S. WORTLEY, Mr. ALLMANN, &c. The contents are calculated peculiarly to please the ladies. Besides engravings of the fashions, portraits, and views, the literature comprises tales, poetry, and essays, all of which are respectable, some really excellent.

Mores Catholici, Part XXVII. commences another book—the ninth—and with no prospect of an end. The same unfathomable stream of learning continues to be poured out as at first.

The Man in the Moon, for February, is a little monthly magazine of fun, edited by ALBERT SMITH and A. B. REACH, and illustrated with cuts by PHIZ, KENNY MEADOWS, and divers others well known to the public. It is indeed a capital sixpenny-worth of amusement, admirably adapted for the railway and steam-boat traveller, and a welcome guest at the fireside. The series of pictorial illustrations of "The Foreign Gentleman in London" is extremely clever, and alone worth the cost of the entire number.

The Fortunes of Turlogh O'Brien, Nos. IX. X. and XI. have brought this ably-written novel to a conclusion. Each number is illustrated by two spirited etchings. The season has not produced a more interesting fiction.

Parish Churches. By RAPHAEL and ARTHUR J. BRANDON, Architects. Part VI. London, 1846. George Bell.

WE have already spoken in terms of such commendation, both of the purpose and execution of this work, that it were needless on this occasion to do more than give the names of the striking specimens of mediæval architecture here figured, and to add that the illustrations and letter-press are no less meritorious than in the five numbers already issued—which is high praise. The churches represented in this part are, "Bishops Lydiard Church, Somersetshire;" "Lechampton" and "Badgworth" Churches, Gloucestershire; and "Raunds Church, Northamptonshire." All these are lithographed with spirit, in the etched manner, from drawings scaled to admeasurement by Messrs. BRANDON.

RELIGION.

The World to Come. By the Rev. JAMES COCHRANE, A.M., one of the Ministers of Cupar. Edinburgh: Macphail. 12mo. pp. 404.

A SERIES of discourses on a future state, delivered at St. Michael's Church, Cupar. The purpose of the preacher is to review the evidences of revelation as to the nature of our future existence, and to propound his own views of what its character will be, and of the changes upon this earth which will precede the coming of the Lord. In this bold enterprise, he does not fear to summon science to his aid, and he adduces her discoveries as further proofs of the probability of his conjectures. He considers that the present world will be the abode of Christ and his saints, after it has been purified by fire; that is the leading idea of the theory he has propounded. The discourses are always sensible and sometimes become eloquent, and cannot fail to interest even those who may not yield assent to the preacher's conclusions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Penal Settlements and their Evils, &c. By JOSEPH B. ATKINSON. London: Gilpin. 12mo. pp. 84.

THE subject discussed in this pamphlet is much too large an one to be entered upon here. We could not do

justice to it in half-a-dozen columns. Mr. ATKINSON has collected the more important facts and principles connected with penal discipline—treating of the experience of the past, the state of the present, and the requirements of the future. At a moment when the subject is about to engage the attention of the legislature, this contribution to the inquiry deserves attention. It is eminently practical.

The Readiest Reckoner ever invented for Assisting Tradesmen, Merchants, Gentlemen, &c. &c. By STEPHEN SIMPSON and EDWARD WISE, Accountants. Sixth edition. London: Tegg and Co. 12mo. pp. 323.

THIS singularly useful book contains every kind of table whereby to enable persons to make rapid and correct calculations. It differs from every work of its kind, in having the reference in the first instance to the number instead of the price. There is not an individual in the whole country, above the level of pauperism, who will not find this a valuable hand-book, to which he will require continual reference.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part I. London: C. Knight.

THE *Penny Cyclopædia* proved in its progress a much larger and a much more important work than it was originally designed to be. Early in the course of its publication in parts, it came to be received as a citable authority, and took its place in the libraries of the learned and wealthy. Hence a natural desire on the part of its publisher, editors, and contributors, to render it worthy of the high patronage it was receiving; and its articles, consequently, were extended in length, and a great deal more of labour and of learning were bestowed upon them than had been contemplated, when the prospectus was issued.

Mr. KNIGHT, who has already accomplished so much for the diffusion of knowledge, has now determined to avail himself of his copyright in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, to produce a work which shall be what that was at first intended to have been—a work for the people's use; and, accordingly, in the *National Cyclopædia*, the first part of which is now before us, he is about to compress the substance of the *Penny Cyclopædia*,—so much of it, indeed, as is adapted for popular information, for reference and reading by those who seek for facts, rather than the profundities of science. He has also changed the form to a convenient octavo; the type is smaller, but very clear and readable; each article is abbreviated, without the sacrifice of any information for which a cyclopædia is searched by the general public, and it is lavishly illustrated by woodcuts. In cost it will even be cheaper than was the *Penny Cyclopædia*. This first part contains no less than 255 pages for a shilling! The entire work is to be completed within the assigned limits of twelve volumes, it being now easy to estimate precisely the pages required, which, with an entirely new work like the *Penny Cyclopædia*, was manifestly impracticable. This part extends from the beginning of the alphabet to the word "Africa." We trust that the enterprise will receive the encouragement it deserves. Henceforth, no house, even of the humblest artisan, need be without a cyclopædia. That which once was the privilege of the wealthy may now be the possession of the poorest.

Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets. By WILLIAM HOWITT. In 2 vols.

[SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

HERE are some interesting reminiscences of

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Mr. Hogg, although apparently in good health, had been ailing for some years previous to his death, with water in the

chest. When this was announced to him by his friend, Dr. W. Gray, from India, a nephew of Mr. Hogg's, he seemed to laugh at the idea, and pronounced it impossible, as one drop of water he never drank. Notwithstanding, he very shortly after had a consultation with some of the Edinburgh medical folks, who corroborated Dr. Gray's opinion. Mr. Hogg, on his return from town, called upon me in passing, and seemed somewhat depressed in spirits about his health. The Shepherd died of what the country folks call the black jaundice, on the 21st of November, 1835, and was buried on the 27th, in the churchyard of Ettrick, within a few hundred yards of Ettrick-house, the place where he was born. It was a very imposing scene, to see Professor Wilson standing at the grave of the shepherd, after every one else had left it, with his head uncovered, and his long hair waving in the wind, and the tears literally running in streams down his cheek. A monument has been erected to the memory of Hogg, by his poor wife. At this the good people of the forest should feel ashamed. Mr. Hogg was confined to the house for some weeks, and, if I recollect right, was insensible some days previous to his death. He has left one son and four daughters; the son, as is more than probable you are aware, went out to a banking establishment, in Bombay, some two years ago. Mr. Hogg left a considerable library, which is still in the possession of Mrs. Hogg and family. With regard to the state of his mind at the time of his death, I am unable to speak. I may mention, a week or two previous to his last illness, he spent a few days with me in angling in the Tweed; the last day he dined with me, the moment the tumblers were produced, he begged that I would not insist upon him taking more than one tumbler, as he felt much inclined to have a tumbler or two with his friend Cameron, of the inn, who had always been so kind to him, not unfrequently having sent him home in a chaise, free of any charge whatever. The moment the tumbler was discussed, we moved off to Cameron's; and by way of putting off the time until the innkeeper returned from Peebles, where he had gone to settle some little business matter, we had a game at bagatelle; but no sooner had we commenced the game, than poor Hogg was seized with a most violent trembling. A glass of brandy was instantly got and swallowed; still the trembling continued, until a second was got, which produced the desired effect. At this moment, the Yarrow carrier was passing the inn on his way to Edinburgh, when Mr. Hogg called him in, and desired him to sit down until he would draw an order on the Commercial Bank, for twenty pounds, as there was not a single penny in the house at home. After various attempts he found it impossible even to sign his name, and was, therefore, obliged to tell the carrier that he must of necessity defer drawing the order until next week. The carrier, however, took out his pocket-book, and handed the shepherd a five-pound note, which he said he could conveniently spare until the following week, when the order would be cashed. A little before the gloaming, Mr. Hogg's caravan cart landed for him, which he instantly took possession of; but, before moving off, he shook hands with me, not at all in his usual way, and at the same time stated to me, that a strong presentiment had come over his mind that we would never meet again. It was too true. I never again saw my old friend, the shepherd, with whom I had been intimately acquainted since the year 1802.

While discoursing about JAMES HOGG, WILLIAM HOWITT wanders into a discussion upon the relative importance of authors and publishers, and he throws out suggestions for a general union of the former, which deserve their serious consideration, for there can be no doubt that by union they might enormously advance their position in society, and serve their material interests. He relates an anecdote illustrative of the present relationship of

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

The publisher of a celebrated review and myself were conversing on literary matters, when a very popular author was announced, who begged a word with the publisher, and they retired together. Presently the publisher came back. *Publisher.* "We were talking of the relative merits of authors and publishers just now." *Myself.* "Yes." *Pub.* "Well, you authors regard yourselves as the salt of the earth. It is you who are the great men of the world; you move society, and propel civilisation; we publishers are but good pudding

eters and paymasters to you." M. "True enough; but you think that you are the master manufacturers, and we authors the poor devil artisans who really have no right to more than artisan wages." Pub. "Ay, if you will take them as wages, and often before they are earned. Grant that you are the salt of the earth; methinks the salt hath wonderfully lost its savour when it has to come with a manuscript in one hand, and holds out the other for the instant pay, or the kettle cannot boil. See; there, now, is a man just gone, that will be a name these five hundred years hence; yet what does he come to me for? For a sovereign! I tell you candidly, that if no hero can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*, neither can an author be a hero to his publisher, when he comes in *formâ pauperis* every day before him. For the life of me, I cannot maintain an admiration of a man when, like a rat, he is always nibbling at my purse-strings, and especially when I know—and what publisher does not know it?—that give the coin before the work is done, and it never is done. I content myself with things as I find them, and I leave all homage to the reader." Let the whole body of authors lay these things duly to heart, and there will not long be an association for the maintenance of its honour and its interests in every profession but theirs.

We believe the next anecdote we quote has been published before, but it is not the less worthy of repetition.

CAMPBELL AND THE QUEEN.

"I was at her Majesty's coronation in Westminster Abbey," said Campbell; "and she conducted herself so well, during the long and fatiguing ceremony, that I shed tears many times. On returning home, I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my works. Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheatley; who, when he understood my errand, told me that her Majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, as it placed her under obligations which were unpleasant to her. Say to her Majesty, Sir Henry, I replied, that there is not a single thing the Queen can touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions which I covet; and I therefore entreat you, in your office, to present them with my devotion as a subject. Sir Henry then promised to comply with my request; but next day they were returned. I hesitated," continued Campbell, "to open the parcel; but on doing so, I found, to my inexpressible joy, a note enclosed, desiring my autograph upon them. Having complied with the wish, I again transmitted the books to her Majesty; and in the course of a day or two received in return this elegant engraving, with her Majesty's autograph, as you see below." He then directed particular attention to the royal signature, which was in her Majesty's usual bold and beautiful handwriting.

Let us now survey

CAMPBELL AT SYDENHAM.

Campbell resided at Sydenham eighteen years. His house was on Peak-hill, and had a quiet and sweet view towards Forest-hill. The house is one of two tenements under the same roof, consisting of only one room in width, which, London fashion, being divided by folding doors, formed, as was needed, two. The front looked out upon the prospect already mentioned. To the left was a fine mass of trees, amid which shewed itself a large house, which during part of the time was occupied by Lady Charlotte Campbell. The back looked out upon a small neat garden, enclosed from the field by pales; and beyond it, on a mass of fine wood, at the foot of which ran a canal, and now along its bed, the atmospheric railway from London to Croydon. The house is, as appears, small, and very modest; but its situation is very pleasant indeed, standing on a green and quiet swell, at a distance from the wood, and catching pleasant glimpses of the houses in Sydenham, and of the country round. In the little back parlour he used to sit and write; and to prevent the passage of sound, he had the door which opened into the hall covered with green baize, which still remains. This at once defended him from the noise of the passing, and operations of the housemaid, as the door was near the stairs, and also from any one so plainly hearing him, when, in poet-fashion, he sounded out sonorous his verses as he made them. The next door to Campbell lived his landlord, a Mr. Onis, who is still living there, an old man of ninety, having every one of his windows in front filled with

strong jealousies, painted green, which give a singular and dismal air to the house, as the dwelling of one who wishes to shut out the sight of the living world, and the sun at the same time. To prevent too familiar inspection from his neighbours' premises, Campbell ran up a sort of buttress between the houses at the back, and planted trees there, so that no one could get a sight of him as he sat in his little parlour writing.

We conclude with an

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE L. E. L.

On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were not only the very reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in the truth of what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say. I recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually, though secretly, married. Mrs. Holland, on her entering the room, went up to her in her plain, straightforward way, and said, "Ah! my dear, what must I call you: Miss Landon, or who?" After a well-feigned surprise at the question, Miss Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule of this report, and ended by declaring that, as to love or marriage, they were things that she never thought of. "What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?" "Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve: pray, how do you like it?" showing her arm. "You never think of such a thing as love!" exclaimed a young sentimental man, "you, who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it?" "Oh, that's all professional, you know!" exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn. "Professional!" exclaimed a grave Quaker, who stood near, "why dost thou make a difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does not that look very much like hypocrisy?" To this the astonished poetess made no reply but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed; and, in fact, there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free-will choice, but what they expected from her.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Carolina Sports, by Land and Water: including Incidents of Devil-Fishing, &c. By the Hon. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, of Beaufort, S.C. Charleston: Burges and James. 1846. 12mo. pp. 172.

[SECOND NOTICE: CONCLUSION.]

THESE animated descriptions are followed by one of "Drum-fishing." These fish derive their name "from the noise they make, resembling the tap of a drum, which is so loud that, in calm weather, and in the afternoon, which is their favourite time for drumming, it may be heard at the distance of several hundred yards from the river."

It is the largest scale fish in America. It measures ordinarily three feet in length, and weighs from thirty to forty pounds. It is beautifully marked on the sides by broad, dark, transverse stripes, alternating with silver,—or else exhibits an uniform bright gold colour, which fades, soon after it is taken, into the hues already described. I give you the medium weight and size of the fish, not the extreme. I have taken one which measured four feet six inches in length, and weighed eighty-five pounds. Out of twenty taken by me on a particular day, during the present season (April), there were three weighing from sixty-five to seventy pounds each. The smaller-sized fish are excellent for table use—their roes, especially, are a great delicacy; the larger are only valuable when salted and cured like codfish, from which when dressed they are scarcely distinguishable in flavour. The planters of this vicinity are skillful fishermen, and much de-

voted to the sport. They succeeded in taking, during the last season, at least twelve thousand of these fish; and when I add that, except the smaller number consumed in their families, the remainder were salted and distributed among their slaves, not in lieu of, but in addition to, their ordinary subsistence, you will perceive that this is a case wherein the love of sport and the practice of charity are singularly coincident.

The unpractised sportsman, who supposes that their bite will be in proportion to their size and strength, will draw up many a naked hook before he draws a fish. They approach cautiously, and almost as if they expected a snare. As soon as you feel him certainly at your hook, jerk with your utmost strength, and draw quickly upon him, until you have fixed the hook in his jaws. The instant he feels the smart, he dashes off with all his force: and this is the critical moment—for if you resist him too forcibly, he breaks your tackle, or tears out your hook; and if you give him slack line, he darts towards you, and shakes the hook out of his mouth. "A just medium (as Sterne says) prevents all conclusions." *In medio tutissimus ibis.* You must give him play, keeping your line tight, yet not overstrained, preserving an equable pressure—managing your line with one hand, and keeping the other in reserve, either to draw in rapidly when the run is towards you, or to regulate the velocity when the run is against you and severe. By degrees, the efforts of the fish relax, and he is drawn to the surface. At sight of the sun he makes a final effort to escape, and plunges till he has reached the bottom. The fatal hook still adheres to his jaws, and when he reappears exhausted on the surface of the water, it is only to turn on his back, and resign himself to his fate. A barbed iron, fastened to a wooden staff, is then struck into him, and you lift your prize into the boat. Generally speaking, you are occupied five minutes in taking a fish, but if the tide be strong, and the fish large, your sport may last fifteen.

There is great uncertainty attending this sport; the patience of the fisherman may be severely tested; sometimes you have the mortification to hear them drumming beneath your boat, while they stubbornly refuse to be taken—rejecting untasted the most tempting baits you can offer; at other times they are in better humour. As a general rule, with five lines in your boat, you may count on fifteen or twenty fish as the result of a day's sport. Occasionally you have memorable luck; sixty-three were taken during the present season by a boat with seven lines, and I once knew a boat with ten lines to take as many as ninety-six; the best success I have met with, personally, was to take forty, to three lines;—eighteen fish fell to my share of the sport; my two oarsmen took the remainder. Thirty fish were all that the boat could conveniently contain; her gunwale was but a few inches above the water, and we slung the ten (which were *de trop*) alongside, by a rope. In this situation we were attacked by sharks. These "grim companions" would range up alongside, and make a rush at them to cut them off; and we were compelled to beat them off with boat-hooks. A little more boldness in their attack, and we must have fallen victims; for a single blow from their tails would have filled our overloaded boat,—as it happened, we were unattended by any other boat which could have rendered assistance, and were full three miles from shore. In the sport of this day, my gloves were torn into shreds by the friction of the line, and my fingers so blistered by the severity of the play, that I was incapable of renewing my sport for several days.

The account of bass-fishing is particularly agreeable for the graceful touches, which disclose a nice perception of the dispositions both of fish and men, and indicate the kindness of good-fellowship in sport. It is important, it seems, for the fisherman to "take his drop" with great accuracy, where the action of the water has left irregular masses on the rocky bed, "amidst whose crags and cranies the sea-weeds grow and shell-fish congregate," and where "the larger fish repair for subsistence." Mr. Elliott gives his instructions with a precision worthy of the chief topographical engineer among fishermen.

Let him row over from Bay Point towards the Hilton Head shore,—putting the last hammock (an umbrella-shaped cedar now marks the spot), on the south-western end of Edings' island, in line with the most northwardly point of the

same island; and extend the chord of this arc, until he opens the first woods of Chaplin's island, beyond the Bay Point beach. Dropping his anchor at the precise intersection of these two lines, he has the best ground probably, in the whole southern country; where he may, in their proper season, take black-fish, sheepshead, bass, and drum in abundance, and occasionally all of them on the same day.

Here follows a graphic sketch of the residence of a distinguished statesman and gentleman of the old school:—

A third line was formerly drawn in confirmation of the above: it was by placing the last pines on Hilton Head beach in range with the mansion-house of Gen. C. C. Pinckney, on Pinckney island. But this mansion no longer exists: it was swept away in one of the fearful hurricanes that vex our coast! To this spot that sterling patriot and lion-hearted soldier retired from the arena of political life, to spend the evening of his days in social enjoyment and literary relaxation. On a small island, attached to the larger one, which bears his name, and which, jutting out into the bay, afforded a delightful view of the ocean, he fixed his residence. There, in the midst of forests of oak, laurel, and palmetto, the growth of centuries, his mansion-house was erected. There stood the laboratory, with its apparatus for chemical experiments,—the library, stored with works of science in various tongues; there bloomed the nursery for exotics; and there was found each other appliance with which taste and intelligence surround the abodes of wealth. It is melancholy to reflect on the utter destruction that followed, even before the venerable proprietor had been gathered to his fathers! The ocean swallowed up every thing: and it is literally true, that the sea-monster now flaps his wings over the very spot where his hearthstone was placed, where the rites of an elegant hospitality were so unstintedly dispensed, and where the delighted guest listened to many an instructive anecdote and unrecorded yet significant incident of the revolutionary period, as they flowed from the cheerful lips of the patriot.

While the ocean has swallowed up that beautiful abode, and the head of that magnificent old man who adorned its hall has been laid low, the advance of time, with the irresistible changes it has brought, has swept away the old school to which he belonged. The memory of that order of men who were reared in it still rises in the thought of the South Carolinian, and he occasionally drops an expression of regret, that the colony, to which he owes his birth as an American, should ever have taken part in that contest (for the rights of others, as he thinks, rather than her own) which made her one of these States. As he believes, she had no grievances that called very urgently for redress. It was from friendly regard, he thinks, and sympathy for her sister colonies, that she took part in the dispute. And what, he asks, has she gained by it?

We do not know or suppose that Mr. Elliott entertains any such views; but that they have found favour in South Carolina during the excitements of the last 20 years, we have good reason to believe. The change, by the way, is not altogether peculiar to any part of this country; for we hear regrets from the other side of the water for departed stateliness in the modes of life. But it is worth a moment's reflection to imagine what would probably have been the result,—especially in reference to one subject, to which allusion is so directly made in this book that we ought to take some notice of it,—if South Carolina had decided on a different course, and had kept clear of the struggle for independence.

Let us suppose her leading men to have foreseen something of what has followed: that her aristocracy of gentlemen was to disappear with the laws of primogeniture; that the favoured colony of England, after the contest should be over, was to become one of a cluster of States who would, in her view, get the advantage of her, and that her graceful performance of the duties of loyalty was to be exchanged for what they would then have considered as vulgar squabbles about the nullification

of laws that she deemed to be unjust; that, concluding it likely to be a bad bargain for them, even in case of success, they had addressed the English ministry in language something like this:—"We cannot take arms against our neighbours and friends, but we make no complaints. Suffer us to be passive spectators only of the approaching contest, and we are content to remain as we are. Deal with the other colonies as you please; but do not require us to fight them." We may easily believe that the ministry would have agreed to this, and have answered,—*"Be it so. Remain quiet and obedient, and we will manage the fight without your aid."*

The revolutionary war would have proceeded. The result would probably have been the same as it proved to be, without the aid of South Carolina, efficient as that was; and she would have remained in the enjoyment of all her privileges as a loyal colony, under the direction and care of a governor by royal appointment; while the States that were formed about her would have managed their own concerns. Affairs would have gone on accordingly, to the entire satisfaction, for aught we know, of the liege subjects of the crown throughout this province of South Carolina, until that period, some fifteen years since, when the government "at home" must have spoken very nearly as it did to the colonies of the West Indies:—"You have among you a certain 'institution' which is offensive to the age. It is imputed as a disgrace to the British name, and we so regard it. We must rid ourselves of the stigma that is attached to it. If you require labourers of African blood for the cultivation of any part of your grounds, hire them and pay them. But that peculiar institution must be abolished. Here are twenty millions of pounds sterling, which we appropriate to compensation for its abolition. Your share of it is ready. You may take it or leave it. But complaints are idle, and we will have no words. Whatever may be said of the wise and patriarchal use of slavery, its abuses are intolerable to humanity. This must be the end of it among you."

As the permanence of slavery is supposed at the South to be important to the prosperity of that region, for reasons that are hinted at by the author, an imperial edict of this character would probably have been thought to place the colony on a footing of great disadvantage in comparison with the states in that neighbourhood. Without favouring in any way the supposed designs of abolitionists, we think differently as to the comparative advantage that would ensue in any community from the extinction or continuance of the system of slave labour. But, however that may be, abolition, come how it might, would appear to the present leaders of South Carolina as an event earnestly to be deprecated. And while they are disposed somewhat to disparage the value of the Union, it is as well to present for consideration the inevitable consequences of the only alternative that would have remained to her, if she had not become one of us. In the case supposed, she would probably have stood, in the end, an humble applicant for "annexation" to this Union on which she now is thought to look so coldly.

But let us turn from these surmises of difference on grave matters to more attractive subjects. The book contains spirited sketches of the wild-cat hunt, the deer hunt, and other sports of the woods, from which we should be glad to make extracts; but we have hardly room to do more than to thank Mr. Elliott for the interesting account which he has given of Southern sports in the forest. Veteran as he is becoming now, may he still live to share in the excitement of his favourite recreations as long as he desires; and when Hilton Head and the waters of Port Royal shall cease to know him, may some descendant, worthy of such parentage, survive to recount his exploits, and especially that which follows here. We commend it to the cautious consideration of

all those who are inclined to wade into an investigation of the habits of sharks.

I used to push over from Bay Point at early flood,—land on the inner side of the bank,—and, leaving a few oarsmen to take charge of the boat, walk over to the sea-side of the bank, with a servant or two to carry bait and lines,—and, wading out into the surf waist-deep, toss my line into the breakers in quest of bass. I was usually armed with a light spear; for as the clear, transparent wave came rolling in from the deep,—and as the pearly fragments of sea-shell passed glittering by you with the flux and reflux of the tide,—objects were occasionally encountered, as brilliant, perhaps, but by no means as pleasant to look upon: the eyes and jagged spines of immense stingrays, buried in the sand, and lying in wait for their prey! One incautious step, and your leg may be transfixed by the venomous weapon! Sometimes, indeed, the bass would approach close to your feet, in couples, and gaze upon you, seemingly, with curiosity and alarm! You might perceive their pectoral fins in rapid play, as if they panted; while, at the lightest movement of your arm to hurl your spear, they vanished in an instant, and left your weapon buried innocently in the sand. On one delightful day, I was tempted to wade deeper than usual into the sea, which was beautifully clear. I passed along the narrow ridge of a reef, which extended eastwardly to a considerable distance from the main bank, while a swash of some depth lay close within. I had unconsciously remained, until the advancing tide had covered the highest parts of the ridge full waist-deep. Behind me stood my servant "Cain," with my spear and a wicker-basket of bait. An exclamation of terror from him made me turn,—when I beheld, but a few yards distant, between us and the shore, and intercepting our retreat, a large shark, close on the side of the ridge, head on for us, and waving his tail backwards and forward, with a deliberate sculling motion! "My spear," said I,—*"keep close to me, and shout when I do."* "Great God," said Cain, (his eyes almost starting from their sockets,) *"another one!"* I looked, and saw, *not one, but two other sharks*, lying behind the first, all in line, and in the same attitude! Doubtless the bait in the wicker-basket had attracted them,—the advancing tide had carried them the scent, and these grim pointers had paused to reconnoitre, before they rushed on their prey! If they attacked us, we were gone! Not a moment was to be lost! It was one of those frequent cases in which we find safety in audacity. Repeating my order to Cain, and grasping my spear in both hands, I rushed upon the leading shark, and struck it down violently across his nose,—shouting at the same time at the top of my voice,—while Cain, in a perfect agony of fear, gave a loud yell and fell at full length in the water! The manoeuvre succeeded; the sharks ran off for deep water; and we took the crown of the ridge, nor looked back, until we had accomplished the one hundred and fifty yards over which we had to wade before we regained the bank!

To be devoured by sharks is one of the last deaths that I should choose. At this distance of time, I do not think of the adventure without a shudder. The sea is still as transparent as on that day,—the sea-shells still as bright,—the graceful bass still pants, as he glides doubtfully by,—but these things tempt me not to renew my sport. My mind reverts to other objects: the jagged barb of the stingray, lying in wait for his prey,—and the outstretched jaws of the all-devouring shark, in which I had so narrowly escaped being engulfed! Who can endure the thought of being sepulchred in the "maw and gulf of the ravening salt-sea shark?" Not I!—I speak it in all sincerity. This was my last essay,—and I henceforth leave to younger and more adventurous sportsmen the pleasures and perils of *bass-fishing in the surf*.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—EDUCATION.

QUARTERLY RETURN OF HEALTH AND MORTALITY.

THIS valuable document puts us in possession of the mortality amongst the population of 115 districts of England during the quarter which ended on the 31st of last December, as compared with preceding quarters. The comparison is very unfavourable to the former period; 52,905 deaths were registered

in the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1846, which is 7,311 more than the corrected quarterly average, and 50,000 more than in 1845; and nearly the whole of the excess in 1846 arose on the last two quarters of the year, from diseases of a totally different character. Bronchitis (in many cases a consequence of influenza), asthma, rheumatism, and diseases of the stomach and liver, were more than usually fatal; 397 persons (including suicides), died violent deaths; a number nearly 100 greater than died from the same causes in the December quarter of 1845. The deaths from cold and want were nearly twice as numerous as in previous years. These fatal causes operated with fearful effect in Manchester and Liverpool. The Registrar of St. George's district, Manchester, says: "During the last two or three months, large numbers of the poor from Ireland have crowded themselves in the districts, droves of them rambling about the streets seeking lodgings, and no doubt being exposed to the severe and inclement weather. Many of the poor creatures have died from cold, producing fever and other diseases." He adds, "The poverty and destitution of the district at the present time is very great. The houses are badly ventilated, and the unhealthy odour arising from so many persons huddled together in a confined apartment, must have a very injurious effect. It cannot be surprising that while such a state of things exists, the mortality should be so great." These observations are confirmed by the returns. The deaths in Manchester during the December quarter of 1845 were 2,555. In the corresponding period of 1846 they were 4,029. In Liverpool, the deaths during the same period increased from 1,981 to 2,735. It appears from the returns of seven years, ending 1844, that the mortality of Liverpool and Manchester, and the worst parts of other towns, is nearly double the mortality of tolerably salubrious districts; and the document before us shows that while the mortality of the latter districts was raised 50 or 60 per cent. the frightful mortality of the denser districts was raised from 70 to 100 per cent. in 1846, over 1845.

The increased mortality in London conveys but a faint notion of the mortality in the larger towns of the country. The deaths in the December quarter of 1845 and 1846 were, respectively, 11,695, and 13,033 in the London districts; 27,483, and 39,872 in the other districts which made returns. It appears that the manufacturing parts—the iron, coal, pottery, cotton, and woollen districts—and generally, the counties north of Staffordshire, were most severely visited. The "high price of provisions, depression of trade, and distress," are referred to by some of the registrars, as causes of the high mortality in December; but it is worthy of especial notice, that no mention is made of the potato disease having had any direct connection with the mortality. Upon this subject the Registrar-General says, "The potato, in a state of partial disease, has, no doubt, been extensively consumed, without giving rise to any specific malady in man, or indeed, having any appreciable connection with the disorders of the bowels and fever, which grew prevalent about the time the last crop came into use. The absurd and unfounded fancy that the cholera epidemic, so fatal to infants at the breast, and old people, as well as others, is caused by fruit, or has any connection with the "plum season," derives not the slightest support from the observations of the year, when the supplies of fruit were unprecedentedly scanty." The registrar-general conceives that the excessive mortality is principally to be attributed to the animal and vegetable poisons, arising from accumulated filth, crowding in dwellings and workshops, closeness of courts, imperfect supply of water, and the want of efficient sewers. The high temperature of 1846 accelerated decomposition, and increased the virulence of these effluvia poisons, as well as of the diseases which they promote. Once grown epidemic, the diseases continued to rage during the rest of the year. If it took place in obedience to any cyclical law, or to a general cause acting simultaneously in Asia and Europe, the great fact remains that the deaths were nearly twice as numerous in ill-constructed towns, where the poison is concentrated, as in the country, where it is diluted and destroyed by the fresh air.

The registrar-general adduces, as powerful evidence of the efficacy of sanitary measures, the comparative mortality amongst seamen during the last century, compared with more recent periods. Anson lost in three vessels in the short period of 10 months 626 men out of 961; and in 1780 the Channel fleet sent 11,732 sick to Haslar Hospital. At that time Sir James Saumarez declared that neither the ships nor men could keep the sea for more than two months. Yet by the use of proper and judicious sanitary measures, Cook, with a crew of 112 men, sailed round the world and returned in three years, having lost only one man by disease. In a paper, read before the Royal Society, he describes the means which he employed to secure the health of his crew, which consisted, principally, in selecting a good vessel, drying and ventilating, good provisions, antiscorbutics, and an abundant supply of fresh water. We must not omit to notice the extraordinary increase of mortality amongst women, who died in child-birth. These increased from 95 in the December quarter of 1845, to 163 in the corresponding

period in 1846. The registrar-general justly remarks that "it is to be regretted that steps are not taken in this country to educate nurses and midwives, on whose care and services the lives of women in child-birth often depend." Not the least valuable portion of the report is that relating to the meteorological phenomena during the period embraced by the returns of mortality. The observations are made at the Royal Observatory, and are deserving of the highest credit for accuracy. The mean temperature at Greenwich during the quarter was 44d. 2m. which is 1d. 9m. below that of the corresponding quarter of 1845, and 1d. 3m. below the average of the quarter for 25 years, but 1d. 8m. above the temperature of the last quarter of 1844. The mean dew point was 41d. The rain was 8.16 inches. The horizontal movement of the wind, which was at the rate of 751 miles a week in summer, increased to 1,003 miles a week. At the close of November the wind, which had been S. and S.S.W., went round to tee N.N.W., and the mean temperature from 46d. fell below the freezing point. The mean temperature of the week ending December 5 was 32d., the highest was 38d., the lowest 25d., the highest in the sun 57d., the lowest on the grass 10d. The next week the mean temperature rose a little, but fell in the week following to 30d.: the lowest temperature was 20d., on the grass 9d., in the Thames 31d. It is desirable to bear in mind that, although the mortality runs so high, the daily births have exceeded the deaths by 1,056. The population of the United Kingdom in 1846 was about 28,487,000: the probable permanent increase was about 800 daily; for although the births exceed the deaths by 1,056, the surplus of 256 is the average number who leave the kingdom.

HEALTH OF TOWNS.—A deputation from the City and Liberties of Westminster Sanitary Association, consisting of the following gentlemen: Dr. Aldis (chairman), the Rev. S. Martin, Mr. G. Wilson, Mr. Burt, Mr. H. R. Abraham (architect to the Westminster improvements), and Mr. Randolph (secretary), had an interview with Lord Morpeth on Monday, on the subject of the health of towns, when Dr. Aldis, in the name of the association, referred to its objects as well as to the probable period of the government measure, having for its object the sanitary condition of the people, and, after inquiring of his lordship whether sanitary associations were necessary, and likely to aid the government, solicited him to continue taking sanitary measures into serious consideration, in order to assist in doing away with the reproach that thousands are constantly dying whose lives might have been saved by human agency. His lordship replied that he believed the measure would be brought forward as soon as the Irish measures were disposed of, and he thought sanitary associations likely to aid the government by drawing public attention to the subject. His lordship evinced great interest in the efforts of the association, by making several inquiries as to the state of Westminster, and requested to be furnished with any facts which the association might elicit.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

A special general meeting of this Company was held at the Offices, 7, Pall-mall, on Wednesday last, in pursuance of the Standing Orders of the House of Lords, to give their sanction to a bill now before Parliament, for an alteration in the line of the Company's works, and the substitution of a sewer for pipes. The bill received the approval of the meeting.

The general half-yearly meeting was held immediately afterwards, John C. Blair Warren, esq. in the chair.

The report was read, which stated that, since the last meeting, more than 800 shares had been taken up. 1,200 shares had been applied for beyond the number requisite for completing the capital of the company. An allotment had been made, but only a small proportion of those allotted had yet been paid, which the Directors attributed to the state of the money market.

The report further stated that there was a growing interest in favour of the objects for which the Company had been incorporated by the Legislature, and it recommended that the shareholders should use personal exertions to secure the passing of the bill now before Parliament, and to procure the remaining shares to be taken by their friends; thus to hasten the completion of a work which the House of Commons, after a long and patient investigation, had pronounced to be one of great national importance.

The report also stated that the Directors and Auditors declined to accept any remuneration for their services until the works of the Company were actually commenced.

The report was unanimously adopted.

The times for holding the half-yearly meetings were fixed, for the future, for the first Tuesdays in May and November.

The statute requiring that at this meeting the Directors appointed by the Act of Incorporation should go out of office, subject to re-election, the following gentlemen were proposed, and unanimously elected directors for the year 1847, viz.:—*Present Directors*—Hon. Thos. Vesey Dawson, M.P., Henry P. Fuller, esq. Dr. Guy, Thos. Hodgkin, esq. M.D., Edward

W. Cox, esq. Jno. C. Blair Warren, esq. Francis Sherborn, esq. *New Directors*—James Mathieson, esq. M.P., Dr. Bowring, M.P., Fred. W. Floyd, esq. Wm. Thos. Keine, esq. Captain Warren.

After votes of thanks to the solicitors and officers for their liberal proposal to make no charge for their personal services, should the bill now before Parliament not be carried, to the directors, and to the chairman, the meeting dissolved.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Illustrations of the Genera of Birds, embracing their Generic Character; with Sketches of their Habits. By Capt. THOMAS BROWN, M.W.S. &c. &c. Parts X. to XII. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS high-class and admirable work, which, on the appearance of the several parts, we have from time to time noticed, maintains the same superiority over most works of this nature which marked its introduction to the scientific world. The illustrations, drawn from nature, and coloured with surprising accuracy, are as characteristic of the style and habits of each species as they can be; and the letter-press sets forth the generic features, haunts, and other peculiarities of each class of birds with that fidelity and clearness for which the numerous works by Captain BROWN have, from the earliest, been remarkable. Among the most beautiful of the illustrations in the numbers before us are—"The Red-headed Woodpecker," "The June Bullfinch," "The Purple Grackle," "Wilson's Sialia," "The Red Tanager," "The Hudsonian Sandpiper," "The Turnstone," and "The American Avoset." This work is in every way well adapted for the libraries of scientific institutions, for reading societies, and for all who cultivate or take interest in that most agreeable study, ornithology.

LONGEVITY OF THE DONKEY.—A donkey belonging to Mr. Gaudy, 68, Upper Bedford-street, Brighton, died on Monday last at the advanced age of a hundred years! It was a great favourite with its master, and was well provided for up to the time of death.—*Globe*.

ART.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. Engraved after National Pictures of the Great Masters. With Notices, Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By S. C. HALL, Esq. Part II. London: Virtue.

The Christian in Palestine; with Descriptions by HENRY STEBBING, D.D. Part X. London: Virtue.

IN noticing the last numbers of these beautiful works of art, we introduced them to our numerous new readers, with a preface of some length. We have now only to add, that the parts just issued are quite worthy of their predecessors. The *Royal Gems* consist of three engravings; namely, the *Young Cavalier*, from a picture by SALTER, in the possession of Colonel GRANT, exquisitely engraved by COCHRAN; VANDYKE'S *Charles the First*, in the gallery of the Louvre; and GAINSBOROUGH'S *Market Cart*, in our National Gallery. The *Christian in Palestine* presents four views; the *Jews' Place of Wailing*, the *Plain of Jericho*, a drawing of great merit, very skillfully engraved; the *Facade of the Tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem* and *Seilun, the site of Shiloh*.

Mr. J. D. Harding, the landscape painter, and Mr. Frank Stone, have withdrawn their names from the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and placed them on the list for election at the Royal Academy.

Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A. has been elected sub-secretary to the Royal Academy, Mr. Howard, the secretary, feeling himself unable from age to attend to the increasing duties of his office.

SALE OF PICTURES.—Messrs. Christie and Manson sold, on Saturday last, a miscellaneous collection of pictures, by ancient and modern masters. The highest lot was a Linglebach, which

sold for 39l. 15s.; a Cuypp (so called) brought 24l. 3s.; a full-length of Lord Halifax, in his robes, (by Sir Joshua Reynolds), 21l.; and a gallery picture by Opie, "The Dream of Richard III," dark and Caravaggiolike, only 3l. 15s. If specimens of the so-called English masters alone are wanted, some at least are to be had cheap enough.

ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS' GOLD MEDALS.—The subject selected for the best historical picture in oil colours is, "The Young Men of the Destroyed Tribes of Benjamin seeking their Destined Brides in the Vineyards;" the subject for the best composition in sculpture, "The Murder of the Innocents," and in architecture, "A Design for a Gothic Church." The premiums will be distributed on the 10th of December next.

MUSIC.

Light of Heart am I. Cavatina. Poetry by CHARLES SWAIN. Music by JOHN BARNETT. Purday.

BARNETT is one of the few English composers who have preserved the characteristics of our national music, pure from the affectations of the Italian bravura, which, by our would-be fashionable singers and writers, has been ignorantly transferred from the stage, to which it properly belongs, to the drawing-room, where it is altogether out of place. This latest of BARNETT'S songs is a graceful work, in which the music well expresses the sentiment of the words; and in the lips of a singer, who will give it proper expression, it cannot fail to please.

Anthems and Services for Church Choirs. No. XI. Burns.

THIS number of a work, often noticed here, contains six fine compositions by great masters, expressly arranged for parish choirs.

Mr. Wilson has paid 85l. 19s. 6d. to the fund for the relief of the destitute Highlanders, being the proceeds of an entertainment on the Songs of the Highlands, given by him at the Princess's Concert Room, on Tuesday evening, the 26th Jan.

BLAGROVE'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.—Mr. Blagrove commenced a series of concerts of chamber instrumental music, on Thursday night, at the Horn Tavern, Doctors'-commons. The party consisted of Messrs. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, Hancock, and C. Severn. The first programme was composed of Mozart's quartet, No. 4, in E flat; Onslow's quintet, No. 11, in B flat; Haydn's quintet, No. 81, in G major; and Beethoven's quartet, No. 3, in D major—the whole of which were performed with spirit, though with occasional coarseness. The unfavourable state of the weather limited the attendance of visitors considerably.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ST. JAMES'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—The subscription balls at this magnificent establishment (Crockford's Club-house in St. James's-street) are thronged with visitors, for whom there is no end of attractions. The apartments have the splendour of a palace, the band is first-rate, the refreshments are perfect, and the company select. Here are the aristocracy of the dance.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Two new pieces have been brought out here since our last notice. *Five Hundred Pounds Reward* is another version from a French piece, called "Le Chef des Brigands," the scene being changed to England, and *Diek Turpin* being made the hero. A translation has also been brought out at the Princess's Theatre, under the title of *The King of the Brigands*, with indifferent success, and the Lyceum version is only saved by the energetic acting of Mr. WIGAN, the translator, who plays the hero, and in whom the whole interest lies. Mr. WIGAN is a clever actor, but he trespasses too much upon the kindness of his audience. He over-acted his part with purpose to make a laugh in the galleries. This is a fault which grows with indulgence, and we would have him be wise in time. The other new piece is called *The Wigwam*. The scene is laid in Canada, where a grocer from Bloomsbury, who had ran away from his wife, had been adopted as their chief by the Indians, and with an adopted daughter of the tribe is living among them in ease and dignity. He is started by the invasion of his domain by a cockney (KEELEY), from whom he learns that he has accompanied the deserted wife and daughter to the new world, for the purpose of seeking her lost husband. The chief betrays

himself, promises his adopted daughter, *Cora* (Miss KEELEY), in marriage to him; he takes the costume of the savages, and the scenes that follow are full of fun—the contrast between the Indian manners and the imported cockneys being preserved with much skill. It is extremely well played by KEELEY and his daughter, and Miss TURNER, in half-a-dozen sentences, which is all she has to say, exhibits that hearty adoption of a character which marks her for future eminence. She deserves to be put forward more often and more prominently than she has been;—there is genius in her.

MISS KELLY'S THEATRE.—THE AMATEUR SOCIETY.—On Thursday week, at this tasteful little theatre, we were witness to another performance of this society; the play selected for representation being Mrs. CENTLIVRE's comedy of *The Wonder*, together with the amusing afterpiece of *The Crown Prince*. The society was honoured with the presence of his Royal Highness the COMTE DE MONTMOLIN. The prince, who was accompanied by his Excellency the MARQUIS DE VILLAFRANCA, the Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA, General DON JUAN MONTENEGRO, and Colonel MERRY, was ushered into his box by a party of the members and stewards. Amongst the elegant and fashionable audience, we noticed Sir FELIX BOOTH, PETER BORTHWICK, Esq. M.P. &c. &c. We can only say we never saw an amateur performance so thoroughly successful; the society were fortunate in the engagement of such artistes as Miss GOMERSAL and the Misses VINING. *Violante* was delineated excellently and cleverly; *Flora* piquantly and refreshingly; the former by Miss GOMERSAL, and the latter by Miss M. VINING. The part of *Don Felix* by Mr. C. HYLTON, was gentlemanly and well conceived; that of *Colonel Briton*, by Mr. W. MELVILLE, manly and artistic, leaving us nothing to desire. Mr. P. DORVILLE's *Lisardo* was capital; and the portrayal of *Gibby*, by Mr. DOYLE, was truthful to a degree, rarely seen in amateur performances. The dresses and appointments were first-rate, and much credit is due to Mr. R. SHEPHERD, the stage manager, for efficiency in every detail. Of *The Crown Prince*, we can merely notice, that Mr. WREFORD, as *Frederick Storke*, having the whole weight of the piece to sustain, carried it to a most triumphant conclusion. We must acknowledge our impression, that this gentleman, as an amateur, stands second to none in the delineation of comic humour.

CASINO DE VENISE.—Dancing-rooms are all the rage, and are opening in every part of the metropolis. We are glad of it. They are better than gin-shops and beer-houses, and as people must and will have amusements, it is better that they should assemble in large rooms under regulation, and with the enjoyment of music and the dance, than indulge in illicit excitements in obscure haunts. This establishment is known as the Public Baths in Holborn. The bath-room is emptied, floored, and ornamented, and forms an excellent ball-room where hundreds meet and part nightly in a very orderly manner.

HALL OF ROME.—The *Tableaux Vivans* and *Poses Plastiques* at this establishment are extremely well worth a visit. The groups are arranged with great taste and excellent pictorial effect. The room itself is fitted up with unusual attention to the comfort of the company. It is carpeted and elegantly ornamented. The stage is large, and displays the *tableaux* to unusual advantage. Those who go once are sure to go again, and that is the best proof of merit. The scene of "The Deluge" is an extraordinary specimen of this new and beautiful effort of art.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In reading an able article in your last number (of Jan. 30th), on German Literature, I am struck by a remark in a sentence which seems to me quite erroneous. I refer to the review of Nordmann's work. Your reviewer says, "Taillandier has written a critique on German literature, in which he has characterized the Countess Hahn-Hahn as the first among the romance writers of that country. The author will not subscribe to this." I know not whether Nordmann is misled by such a mistaken idea as to deem it necessary to write a book to oppose it; but if I am right in concluding that the article referred to from the pen of M. Taillandier is the one which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in June last,—"Du Roman en Allemagne,"—you will find, on referring to it, that the whole spirit of the article is against the school of romance writers to which the Countess Hahn-Hahn belongs. To avoid trespassing on your space needlessly, I will merely extract a sentence from that article, to convince you of this. Taillandier is reviewing Auerbach's "Village Tales" (a translation of which you recently noticed in THE CRITIC):—"Quel est le sujet du livre de M. Auerbach? La vie des paysans de son pays, la peinture de la pauvre commune perdue dans la forêt, les mœurs rudes, naïves, du laboureur et du bûcheron. Nous quittons, et Dieu en soit loué! le boudoir de la Comtesse Hahn-Hahn, les salons de M. Stern-

berg, et tout ce monde équivoque où la jeune Allemagne prêchait, comme on dit, la réhabilitation de la matière. Cette société fausse, guindée, si peu réelle, si peu Allemande surtout, nous en voilà délivrés. Je ne sais quel soufre embaumé me vient au visage; c'est une bouffée de printemps, un air pur et vivace qui a passé par la ferme, au dessus des sillons fraîchement remués, à travers les chênes de la Forêt Noire." This extract is sufficient to shew the tone of the article, and I can only express my astonishment that M. Nordmann can have so egregiously mistaken its whole spirit. I should add that I am only acquainted with his work through the pages of THE CRITIC.

I remain, Sir, yours,
CONSTANT READER.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SONG FOR FEBRUARY.

WEAVE a song for February,
For she's mother of the Spring,
Who bids green Nature's handmaid fairy
Birds and buds and blossoms bring:
Scanty flowers in field or furrow
Greet the silky mole, which now
First forsakes its earthy burrow
Where the early crowfoots grow.

Weave a song for February,
Though the month be damp and chill;
Love, forgetting to be wary,
Wanders forth by glade and rill:
Love hath joys for every season—
Hopes that, like young Spring, invite
Buds and blooms from earth's dark prison,
Which the next hour's storm may blight.

But, while sunshine to the river
Shews the angler on his way,
Seek its warmth, nor idly shiver
While its beams around you play:
Nature's beauties seldom vary,
Therefore hope, and love, and sing—
Sing a song for February,
Since she's mother of the Spring!

1st Feb. 1847.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

NECROLOGY.

REV. J. T. HEWLETT.

We have to record the death of this gentleman, better known to the literary world as the author of "Peter Priggins" (the name he wrote under), "College Life," "The Parish Clerk," "Parsons and Widows," "Dunster Castle," &c. He for many years was a contributor to *Colburn's Magazine*. In private life he was generally respected and admired for his jokes and pleasantries. One of his associates was the late Thomas Hood, and he was his constant attendant when in town until within a few days of his decease. The most painful part of this record is to come—he has, unfortunately, left a family of nine orphan children totally unprovided for.

MR. CLOWES.

Mr. Clowes was the architect of his own fortune; having come to London, some forty years ago, after the expiration of his apprenticeship to a printer in his native town of Chichester. He soon after commenced business on his own account, in a small way; and by unwearied industry and perseverance, gradually established a respectable connection. He was amongst the first, a quarter of a century ago, to see the new era of printing that was opened by the introduction of the steam-press; and his engines at Northumberland Court, were the earliest applied to the production of books. The demand for cheap literature, of which the *Penny Magazine* was the most extraordinary example, gave a new impulse to the energies of Mr. Clowes; and, in connection with a vast amount of Government business, gradually established the gigantic printing manufactory of Duke-street, Stamford-street, so often described and so celebrated wherever English books penetrate. To have accomplished the great results of his business from small beginnings, required the efforts of no common man. Mr. Clowes did not aspire to the honours of the learned printers; but he possessed the highest powers of business organization, and an energy which overcame every ordinary difficulty, and in many instances accomplished undertakings which are almost marvels. To work off half-a-million sheets of paper in a week—to set up the types and com-

plete the impression of a thousand folio pages of a Parliamentary report in the same time—to print the “Nautical Almanack,” consisting of 500 or 600 pages of figures, without a single error in sixteen or seventeen days—are amongst the recorded wonders of Mr. Clowes's establishment. The labours of Mr. Clowes's life will be permanently associated with the intellectual development and the persevering energy which are the distinguished characteristics of our own times; and his loss will be deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by his kind and generous nature.—*Chronicle*.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

PAINLESS OPERATIONS IN SURGERY.—On Wednesday week we availed ourselves of an opportunity to witness the application of this new and vastly important discovery in the practice of surgery, of infinitely more value to humanity than the finding of twenty planets, and were much gratified with the result. The operations were performed in a very rapid and skilful manner by Mr. Guthrie, jun. at the Ophthalmic Hospital, within the walls of which our stay was less than forty minutes. Yet in that time three cases of cataract were successfully removed (without the use of ether), and a large tumour was removed from the neck of a middle-aged man without pain, after he was thrown into a state of insensibility by inhaling from Robinson's apparatus. But the last case was one of still greater consequence, viz. the eradication of cancer from the right breast of a woman about forty years of age, whilst utterly unconscious of suffering. The incision was fully three inches in length, and the disease large and deeply seated; and yet the whole operation was effected, and the wound sewed up, without the slightest symptom of pain on the part of the patient. Her first exclamation was, to complain of cold; and she afterwards called, “take it away,” alluding to the tube at her mouth, and the inconvenience of respiration, but never made the least reference to the terrible ordeal of the knife through which she was passing. At the conclusion, in answer to a question from Mr. Guthrie, sen. (who had previously assured her she would not feel any pain), she replied that she had experienced none whatever. To non-professional persons it is distressing to see such things done; but the reflection how much of human misery is thus alleviated comes as a consolation, and reconciles us to the appalling scene. The coolness and ability displayed by the operator were above all praise.

A more novel but equally successful application of the inhalation is recorded in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. Professor Simpson has administered it in a case of difficult labour. The patient was deformed, and on a former occasion has suffered dreadfully in labour during three or four days: on the present occasion the woman was delivered in as many minutes. A remarkable circumstance pointed out in the case by Dr. Simpson was, that, whilst breathing the ether, the labour-throes continued, and yet the mother was unconscious of pain.

The proprietor of the *Sheffield Mercury* made a great effort last week, in expressing the Queen's speech on Tuesday, by electric telegraph, and distributing copies of it in a surprisingly short time after its delivery. In connection with this feat is recorded the following curious incident:—“Owing to some deficiency of light in the telegraph office at the Chesterfield Station, one of the porters was placed to hold a candle in each hand, to enable the reader better to see the operation of the indicators. Upon the latter the man was ordered to fix his own eyes, to see that the light fell fully on the index; he did so, for about an hour, when he suddenly dropped down as stiff as a post, having been in fact, completely mesmerised by the protracted intensity of his attention! To remove this man and get another fixed in his place, caused the longest delay that occurred in the transmission.”

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c., Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

630. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM BLOOM COLE, late wharfinger at the Trinity Wharf, Orchard House, Blackwall, Middlesex (died March 19, 1838). *Some property.*
631. RELATIVES OF NEXT OF KIN OF MARGARET PARDON (whose maiden name was SWEENT), late of Plymouth, Devon, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
632. DESCENDANTS OF TIMOTHY ROOTE, of St. Michael Royal, London, and for some years in the cashier's office, Bank of England. He died in 1776, leaving Mary, his widow, surviving, who

was living in 1788. He had a daughter, Anna Maria, wife of —Tompson, and a son, George Arnold Roote, who, in 1768, was a merchant in Watling-street. Also, DESCENDANTS OF THOMAS GARNETT, an attorney, living in London in 1776, and had issue by Mary his wife, a son, Samuel Garnett, also an attorney, and who died at Dunchurch, Warwickshire, in 1824, leaving issue.

633. NEXT OF KIN OF CHARLES LUDER AUBREY, a lunatic (died at Clapham, Oct. 22, 1836). He resided many years under the care of his committee, formerly at Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, and afterwards at Clapham, and his father was a merchant in Bush-lane, London. Or their representatives.
634. HEIR-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS MOSES, who resided at Aaron's Town, Brampton, Cumberland, until 1802 or 1803, stonemason, when he went to Jamaica, W. I. and resided, it is believed, in the parish of St. Thomas in the East, in that island (died June 26, 1813). Also, HEIR-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN of his brother, HENRY MOSES, draper, who lived at Bolton-le-Moors for 45 years previous to his death, which happened April 18, 1832.
635. CHILDREN OF THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER WILKINSON, of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, Middlesex, D.D. (died Feb. 27, 1838), or their representatives.
636. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN WILLIAMS, late seaman on board the East-India merchant ship *Ann*, from Manila, bachelor, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
637. NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF JOHN PETTIT, late of Salford, Lancaster, agent (died 21st June, 1836).
638. Information respecting ELIZABETH SHIPSTONE, widow, formerly Elizabeth Davies, spinster (wife of John Shipstone), who lived in the service of the late Lady Brown, of Upper Brook-street, Hanover-square, and afterwards resided in Charlotte-street, Portland-place, and who is supposed to have died in or near London subsequent to the 25th Jan. 1825. *A reward.*
639. NEXT OF KIN OF PHILIP ANTROBUS, of Bollington, Presbury, Chester, gent. (died 7th Oct. 1830) or their representatives.
640. CHILDREN OF DAVID COUPAR, some time mariner in London, and uncle to Alex. Coupar, some time wright in St. Andrew's, and proprietor of the lands of Dewar's Mill and Broomfaulds, Fife, Scotland (died at St. Andrew's, 1st March, 1838).
641. NEXT OF KIN OF HARRIETT OLIVER, of Long Melford, Suffolk, widow (died 7th Jan. 1834).
642. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS MENDHAM, of Islington, Middlesex, and of the Petty Bag Office, Court of Chancery (died 28th July, 1812).
643. NEXT OF KIN OF SYBILLA CARTER, formerly of Great Henney, Essex, and afterwards of Ashford, Kent, widow (died 4th March, 1835), or her personal representatives.

(To be continued weekly.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CRITIC of this day is addressed in a coloured wrapper to those of the Subscribers who are in arrear; and after this date it will be transmitted only to such as shall have paid the half-year's subscription from 3rd January last (6s. 6d.) in advance, which may be sent in penny postage-stamps, where post-office orders cannot be procured.

TO BOOKSELLERS.

The new charge for a stamped copy of THE CRITIC to Booksellers and Circulating Library-keepers, for their own use, and forwarded direct from the office on the day of publication, is 5s. for the half year, to be paid in advance in penny postage stamps.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CURIOUS LITERARY TRIAL.—A few days ago a case was brought before the Civil Tribunal, in which the Marquis d'Espinau-St.-Luc was plaintiff, and M. Alexandre Dumas, defendant. The former demanded 50,000*fr.* damages from the celebrated novelist, for having, he alleged, injured the reputation of one of his ancestors, Françoise d'Espinau-St.-Luc, in the work entitled “La Dame de Montsoreau,” contrary to all the historical documents of the day, which concur in representing that nobleman as one of the most valiant captains of the reign of Henry III. M. Alexandre Dumas had brought him forward, it was declared, in an ignoble manner, in several chapters, besides having attributed to him cruelty, in word and act, in his duel with M. de Montsoreau. The liberty which a novelist was allowed to take with historical names did not go the length, it was declared, of altering their characters and defaming them. The reputation of one's ancestors was a patrimony not less precious than property, and should be carefully watched over. The plaintiff, in consequence, invoked art. 1832 of civil code, to oblige M. Alexandre Dumas, in any other edition of the “Dame de Montsoreau,” to suppress the passages complained of, or to substitute some other name for that of St.-Luc. The court adjourned the case, in order to examine the work.—*Galignani*.

MEETING OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, SACKVILLE-STREET.—JAN. 29.—J. Pettigrew, esq. F.S.A. &c. presided, in the absence of Lord Albert Conyngham. The Right Hon. Lord Hastings, Mr. Isaacs, and other gentlemen, were received as new members; four corresponding associates were also elected. Among a variety of communications received, and antique specimens laid upon the table, we have only space to enumerate the following:—A large barred helmet, used at tournaments, forwarded from Germany, with the inscription *ICHWART DERLETT* (I live my time), upon the front and back of the helmet. Mr. Planché exhibited authentic drawings of similarly formed helmets, used both in French and English tournaments. A bronze figure of Antinous was exhibited: three various opinions were given by three gentlemen, Messrs. Smith, Rosser, and Jerdan, F.S.A.'s. Mr. Pettigrew thought it, although faulty in its anatomy, very like one in his possession, found at the island of Delos. One that it was Roman, another that it was Greek, the last that it was a Florentine imitation of a Roman antique. A curious silver box or rota was also laid on the table, adorned with jewels, fillagree work, chrystals, and rich chasing; it was supposed to have been brought from Aix-la-Chapelle some centuries since; the date upon its restored part was 1247. Mr. Waller thought it as early as the 10th or 11th century. This elaborate and well-preserved antique will be engraved by the spirited offer of Mr. Brown for the next journal. A book, containing drawings of a Roman summer-house, pavements, coins, &c. recently discovered in an extensive villa at Bisley, Gloucestershire, by Mr. Baker, was handed round to the fifty gentlemen present. And other more extensive drawings are promised to the association; in addition to the Roman Villa of Lilliborn, another in the same county is in course of excavation by Mr. B. Purnell. A very interesting paper on tradesmen's tokens, by Mr. E. B. Price, finished the varied information of a very gratifying evening's meeting; and to this paper of Mr. Price we may refer in our next.

A Professorship of Chinese is about to be established in King's College, London.

GOSSIP ABOUT LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

Many cases of the successful application of ether in surgical operations continue to be recorded.—In compliance with Mr. Hume's motion, the House of Commons are to have copies laid before them of the orders and instructions to the keeper of the National Gallery, respecting the cleaning of the pictures, and of any directions in respect to their arrangement. From a report of Mr. Barry's, it appears that nearly the whole of the New Houses of Parliament is roofed in, and that the decorations in the interior of the House of Lords are rapidly proceeding. The statistical portion of the report is interesting; 774 men are employed at the building, 83 at the quarries, 202 at the Government work-shops, at Thames-bank, upon joiner's work, and 127 upon miscellaneous departments; in all 1,186 men! The new mahogany throne for the House of Lords, designed by Mr. Welby Pugin, is spoken of in terms of much admiration. It is described as presenting a striking contrast to the French and tawdry looking throne in the present House. Its design is strictly Gothic, and quite in keeping with the architecture of the building.—Professor Brasseur, of King's College, has been presented by her Majesty and Prince Albert with a beautiful sapphire and diamond ring, in token of the gratification they derived from his admirable reading of *Athalie* at Windsor Castle a few weeks since.—In the commission for instituting an inquiry into the state of Education in England and Wales, it is provided that the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, Dublin, and London shall be visited.—Mr. James Paget, warden of the collegiate establishment of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has been appointed Professor of Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Werthe Discourse between Colonel Hampden and Colonel Oliver Cromwell, 4to. 6s. cl.—Angas's (G. F.) *Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand*, 2nd edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s. cl.—Antisell's (Thos.) *Manual of Agricultural Chemistry*, fcap. 2s. swd.—Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) *Ellisian Exercises*, adapted to the first part of the "Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition," 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Albrecht's (E.) *German Delectus*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Atkinson's (J. B.) *Penal Sentences and their Evils*, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Audubon and Bachman's *Viviparous Quadrupeds*, vol. 1, imp. 8vo. 30s. cl.—Bailey's (Rev. H.) *Rituale Anglo-Catholicum, or the Testimony of the Catholic Church to the Book of Common Prayer*, 8vo. 15s. cl.—Barnes's (A.) *Notes on St. Matthew and St. Mark*, new edit. edited by the Rev. I. Cobbin, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bogue's *European Library*, vol. 16, "Michelet's History of the Roman Republic," post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Bohn's *Standard Library*, vol. 13, "Coxe's History of the House of Austria," post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Byron's (Lord) *Poetical Works*, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s. cl.

Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies, 6 vols. 18mo. 3s. each, cl.—Castle of Ehrenstein, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1 11s. 6d. bds.—Cellarius' *The Drawing Room Dances*, sq. 16mo. 5s. cl.—Caunter's (Rev. J. H.) *Illustrations of the Five Books of Moses*, new edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. £1 1s. cl.—Corner's (Miss) *History of Rome from the Earliest Period, with Map*, new edit. 12mo. 9s. 6d. cl.—Cornillon's *Petit Dictionnaire François*, 18mo. reduced to 2s. half-bd.—Clark's (Rev. K. M. P.) *Baptism, Confirmation, and Communion*, in 6 Sermons, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Day's (Julia) *Poems*, fcap. 5s. cl.—Day's (W.) *Punctuation Reduced to a System*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Devereux's (Hon. W. B.) *Views on the Shores of the Mediterranean*, folio, 44s. cl.—Disney's (Rev. B. W.) *Sermons, Practical and Occasional*, 8vo. 6s. cl.—East's (Rev. T.) *Forgiveness of Sin, and the Possibility of Attaining a Personal Assurance of it*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Englishwoman's Family Library, Vol. VII.; "Ellis's (Mrs.) Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees," fcap. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Easy Lessons in French Conversation, by a French Teacher, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Experiences of a Gael Chaplain, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Family Devotions for a Fortnight, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Foster's Gospel Narrative, N. E. roy. 8vo. 12s. bds.—From Oxford to Rome, and How it fared with Some who lately made the Journey, by a Companion Traveller, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Foster's (B. 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